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Mail

Fellow Fans

By OTIS H. JOHNSON, M. D.—

I have listened to the tale of wo of Mr. Fabian Osa-Afiana, of West Africa, in your April 10 issue. I can imagine no greater hardship to a reader of current literature than to be deprived of your magazine after once having become accustomed to it and I hereby volunteer to send my used copies to Mr. Osa-Afiana as soon as read.

As a fellow DIGEST fan, I agree with him that it is the best publication that reaches me, and from the wilds of Eastern North Carolina to the wilds of West Africa I stretch across the seas the hand of DIGEST fellowship.

Moorhead City, North Carolina.

This spirit of "DIGEST fellowship" has been cropping up all over the nation. We suggest that other generous readers leave this good deed to Dr. Johnson. John Wolcot claims to be "full as an egg of wisdom" when he says people may have too much of a good thing and, in Mr. Osa-Afiana's case, we are inclined to agree with him.—*Editor.*

Explosion

By DR. MAUD F. HAYMAN—

Here's another protest—explosion, if you will. Much as I appreciate your magazine, I find myself regarding your recent leading articles with increasing disapproval, and now with horror—war, vice, crime!

Years ago a pink sheet, *The Police Gazette*, found chiefly in saloons, livery stables and the like, was forbidden to children. Now the exact stuff of *The Police Gazette* is forced upon our attention in the pages of our respectable and high-grade LITERARY DIGEST.

Early training in character building is no

(Continued on page 39)

Emily Post

WEDDING GIFTS

Here are two books that have a logical place among every bride's most prized presents—both by the world's recognized authority upon good taste. "Etiquette" is now in its thirty-eighth printing. "The Personality of a House" leads the list of books on home design, furnishing, and decoration.

ETIQUETTE

The Blue Book of Social Usage

BY EMILY POST

The standard authority wherever good taste is a requirement. "It stands out in any group of similar books by reason of its authority, its clarity, its scope, and its infinite attention to detail," says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. Information on personal manners and social customs in every phase of life, practically from the cradle to the grave, is presented with numerous photographic illustrations of table-settings, flat silver, etc. "With it as one's guide it seems almost impossible to go wrong."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat. 8vo, 758 pages. Cloth binding,* $4.00; *by mail,* $4.18.

THE PERSONALITY OF A HOUSE

The Blue Book of Home Design and Decoration

BY EMILY POST

This volume does for the American home what "Etiquette" did and is doing for American manners. Delightfully original, it tells how to make every type of American home express, in its architecture, colors, and setting, all that is most attractive in the personality of its occupants. Devoted mainly to the interior—the best decorative effects, the right furniture, rugs, hangings, etc.—it is as rich in suggestions for the apartment-dweller as for the house-owner. Mrs. Post's chapters on color are the best expositions of the subject ever written. Over 100 text illustrations, 63 full-page half-tone reproductions, and a color chart. *8vo, 537 pages. Cloth binding,* $4.00; *by mail,* $4.18.

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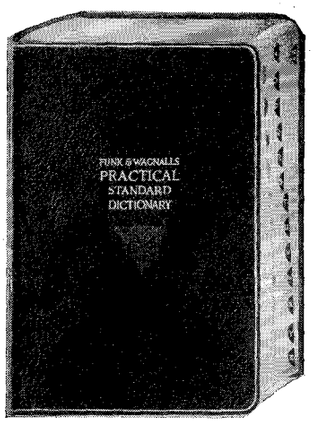

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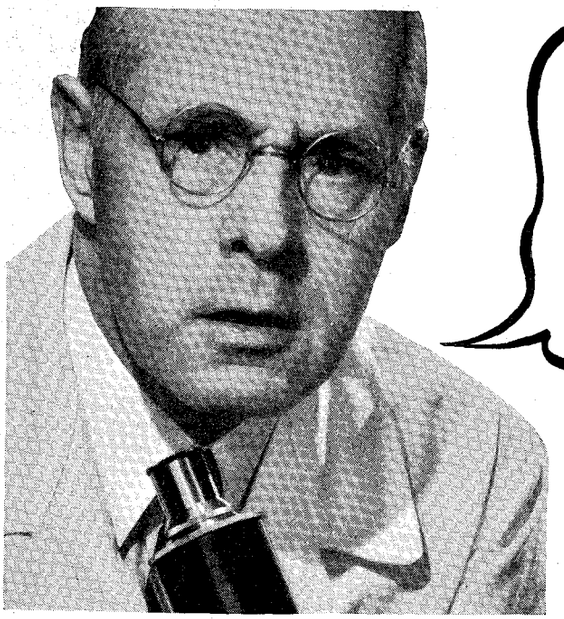
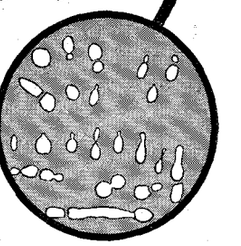


AT LAST—THE TRUTH ABOUT DANDRUFF
AT LAST—A METHOD THAT WILL CURE!



Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff, magnified many times.

Ten years' research shows queer bottle-shaped germ, called Pityrosporum ovale, causes dandruff. Listerine treatment brings quick relief to 76% of patients in New Jersey clinic.

ARE you troubled with dandruff? Itching, burning scalp? Lifeless or falling hair? If so, remember: instead of merely treating the *symptoms* of dandruff, you can now attack the *cause* with Listerine Antiseptic.

Instead of momentarily ridding scalp surfaces of dandruff accumulations, you may now look for quick and more lasting relief and, in many cases, complete cure.

These benefits are now possible following one of the most searching studies ever undertaken on the subject of dandruff. It revealed the true cause of dandruff and a successful method of treating it.*

Pityrosporum Ovale Causes Dandruff

In this study, test tube and microscope proved that a savage little bottle-shaped germ, called Pityrosporum ovale, caused dandruff. It is always present on the scalp, in hair follicles, and dandruff scales.

No less important to you than this startling discovery are the results of prolonged clinical research on the treatment for dandruff. First, rabbits suffering from dandruff were treated on one side only with Listerine Antiseptic. Within an average of 14 days, there was *complete cure* of dandruff on the sides treated with Listerine. On the sides not thus treated, dandruff was in evidence *nearly a month later*.

I LOVE THE WAY LISTERINE KEEPS MY SCALP SWEET, MY HAIR IMMACULATE—NOT A TRACE OF DANDRUFF

76% Got Relief

In a midwestern and an eastern skin clinic, definitely satisfactory results were obtained on men and women suffering from dandruff. In the midwestern clinic, a substantial number of those using Listerine once a day, obtained marked relief in the first two weeks. In some cases a complete cure was noted in from three to eight weeks.

In the eastern clinic, 76% of the patients who had used Listerine twice a day showed marked improvement in or complete disappearance of the symptoms of dandruff within three weeks.

Be Patient, It's Deep-Seated

If you have any evidence of a dandruff condition, start today with full-strength Listerine once or twice a day. After applying Listerine, massage the scalp and hair vigorously.

Listerine surrounds each hair, penetrates infected hair follicles, attacking Pityrosporum ovale. As Listerine spreads its soothing medication over the troubled scalp, note how wonderfully fresh and clean, how healthy, vigorous and full of life both hair and scalp feel. See how quickly unsightly scales and flakes are removed.

Do not expect the overnight miracles promised by remedies which have never been put to clinical test. Dandruff is a germ disease and requires persistent treatment. Listerine's marked curative properties are due to certain ingredients in a unique combination shared by no other antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
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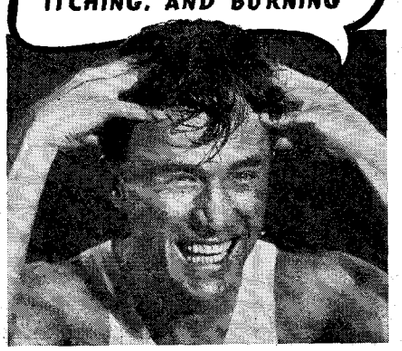
IT'S WONDERFUL HOW QUICK LISTERINE STOPS THAT AWFUL SCALING, ITCHING, AND BURNING



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* For many years an odd bottle-shaped germ, Pityrosporum ovale, had been suspected of causing dandruff. No bacteriologist, however, had been able to isolate it and keep it sufficiently alive for dandruff experiments. Where older men had failed, modern technicians succeeded. Pityrosporum ovale was not only isolated and kept alive, but produced dandruff, by inoculation, in rabbits, guinea pigs, and man. From the dandruff thus artificially created, Pityrosporum ovale was re-isolated and again, by inoculation, produced dandruff. This sounds like a simple accomplishment, but actually it required years of application.

Tested and Approved 4602 Good Housekeeping Bureau GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

LISTERINE
Once a day . . . for Dandruff

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK MAY 1, 1937

Topics of the day

SOUND AND FURY OVER FREE SPEECH

Victory in Kansas Newsreel Censorship; Radio Ponders Status

Liberty of expression in the United States won a needed victory a few days ago. Public outcry forced the Kansas State Board of Review to cancel an order eliminating a blast of Sen. Burton K. Wheeler of Montana against the Supreme Court plan from the current issue of "The March of Time."

The picture showed the fighting Senator declaiming against the Court plan. At one point he raised his arm in an emphatic gesture, thundered:

"You can say that the privilege of appointing postmasters will not be accorded to me. You can say what you please, but I say to you and Mr. Farley, to everybody else, that I will vote against this proposition because it is morally wrong, it is morally unsound, it is a dangerous proceeding."

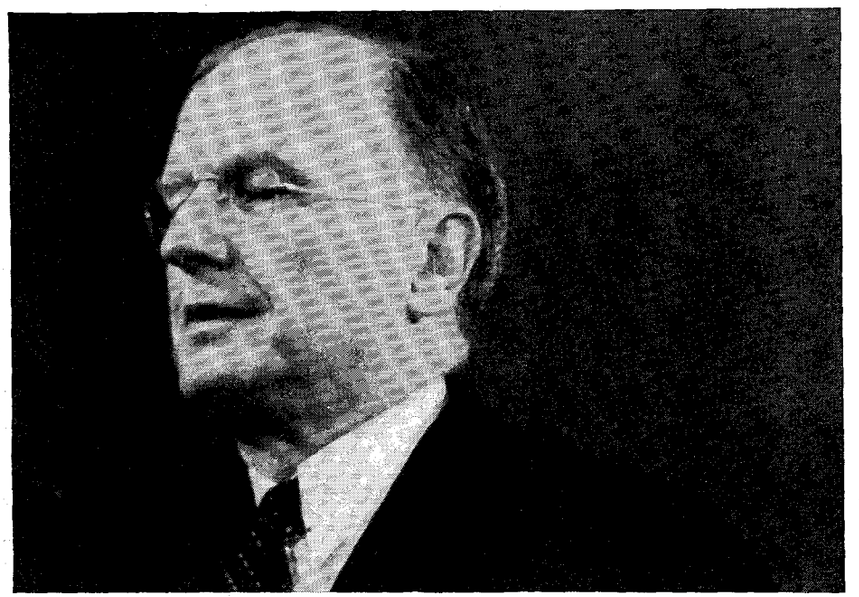
At this point, the Board went into a huddle, issued its ban.

But, for once, the picture-censors ran into something they had not expected. This was no less an individual than Alf M. Landon, former Governor, and last year's Presidential candidate.

He called upon his successor, Gov. Walter Huxman, who is a Democrat, to "correct the foolish act."

Retort—Governor Huxman, New Deal victor in last fall's election, doubted his authority, ducked questions as to whether he thought the deletion justified, called the matter a "tempest in a teapot," pointed to the Board's Republican majority as evidence of non-partizanship.

"The maintenance of a true democracy," retorted Mr. Landon, "demands that people never forget the truth. The fundamentals of free speech must be maintained in Kansas as well as in the rest of the United States. Last week, for the first time . . . an official board dared tell the people . . . what they might say and what they might not hear on a public issue of great interest."



March of Time from Pictures, Inc.

Burton K. Wheeler in "The March of Time" . . . Kansas was offended and issued its ban

Result: The Board surrendered.

The original ruling explained:

"We feel this dialog is partizan and biased."

Veteran newsreel men smiled wearily over the incident. Courtland Smith, President of Pathe News, shook a gray mane, grinned wryly:

"When a man bites a dog, it's news. When one of these boards interferes with a newsreel, it's not."

He added that friction is more common than the reverse in relations between newsreel producers and censor-boards, cited Ohio censors' recent ban on a film dealing with the Spanish Civil War.

". . . The picture itself," wrote the Ohio Board, "did not contain any harmful propaganda. However, the dialog of the narrator made the picture, we considered, very harmful. We suggest that the narrators, in reporting on this subject . . . keep their remarks neutral, or we will find it necessary to make eliminations."

Snapped Mr. Smith without delay:

"You have no right to give us any such advice, or any advice, and we certainly do not intend to consider your ideas of what may, or may not, be neutral. The Constitution of the United States guarantees freedom of speech. You have therefore gone far beyond any authority you may have when you try to tell us what we may or may not say on any subject . . . never again try to tell us what we may or may not say in a newsreel."

Comment—The narrator's remarks included such phrases as:

"Prisoners marching to the rear often face firing-squads."

"General Possasm observes the effects of shrapnel."

"The ring of steel around Madrid contracts and expands as its defenders counter-attack."

"The tide of war surges in Spain as radical Madrid rushes troops to the front, including these Communist brigades, flying the red flag."

"Meanwhile, France and Britain on the north, Italy and Germany in the Mediterranean, have begun their blockade."

"It is not a patrol of war. It is a patrol to confine war to Spain. Upon their efforts depends the peace of Europe, perhaps the peace of the world."

"Rebel bombers, flying over the lines, rain death upon Madrid."

"In this war without mercy, the innocent suffer with the guilty. This little girl is dug out of the debris still alive. She faced a fate terrified mothers in war-torn Spain fear for their little ones. A mere baby, snatched from the jaws of death by the grace of God."

"Back in Soviet Russia, a Red freighter which attempted to run supplies to the radicals in Spain shows the effects of an encounter with Rebel war-ships."

Stubborn—The Ohio censors maintained their ban.

"If any one can honestly find anything 'harmful' in this dialog, I'd like to have him point it out," said Mr. Smith, "I'll admit that the laws give these boards the right to ban pictures, but they were passed mostly before the day of the speaking screen, and I doubt if they ever were intended to apply to dialog unless obviously indecent or obscene. This seems to me an obvious intrusion upon freedom of speech."

The rights of a free press are somewhat

Amendments to the Constitution

Amendment I

Freedom of Speech, Press and Religion. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

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better recognized in the United States, but often face attack as, for example, in the famous Minnesota "gag law" a few years ago, held unconstitutional by a five-to-four Supreme Court decision. Had it been decided otherwise, the doors would have been opened to State regulation of the press.

Boards—Most States have no motion-picture censorship, several have abolished it, but New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, Maryland and Virginia cling to it, while Florida will permit nothing not previously approved in New York.

In the radio field, the powers of the Federal Communications Commission do not include censorship. However, the facts that station licenses must be renewed every six months, that $400,000,000 is sunk in the industry and that stations must show they have conformed to rather indefinite standards of "public convenience, interest and necessity" constitute a power that censors, many maintain.

Most radio executives of the three big chains—National Broadcasting Company, Columbia Broadcasting System and Mutual—agree that there have been no recorded instances in which the FCC has attempted to censor. However, many point out that the very possibility of losing a license at the end of any six-month period tends to make station-owners chary of any material they feel might prove offensive to the powers-that-may-be.

Examples—Some cases which the public has interpreted as indicating censorship have had angles which, for one reason or another, never became known. Such, for example, was the famous incident of October 17, 1936, when twenty-two CBS stations cut Senator Vandenberg of Michigan off the air, in a "debate" with phonograph records of Roosevelt talks.

At the time, it was assumed, stated and not denied that the broadcast had been cut in New York from the Eastern stations of the chain. Columbia said this was because the use of records was in contravention of a standing company policy.

Actually, those on the inside, then and since, knew that CBS had specifically warned the Republican campaign leaders that the Roosevelt records, which one executive had heard as early as June, might not be used over its network. This warning was repeated at least twice before the Vandenberg broadcast, a fact which it is assumed the Senator did not know.

Nevertheless, the records were brought into the Chicago studio a few minutes before the scheduled start of the "debate." Some confusion resulted, and the Senator was cut off some stations, remained on others. Rather than appear biased or start a controversy, CBS let the entire matter pass as stated, without making out as good a case for itself as it might have.

PARTY HEADACHES: The Democrats Are Plagued by Dissension on Wide Front

Five months after being swept into power by the most smashing majority since the days of George Washington, President Roosevelt and the triumphant Democratic Party find themselves faced with more headaches than almost any party or President since Lincoln.

Until recently, the scene, despite the Court battle, was one of outward harmony. Behind this were boiling many conflicting currents and eddies.

The very size of the Party's majority in Congress is hampering the leadership, since it gives rise to the formation of blocs. Thus, two days after President Roosevelt urged upon Congress the need for increased economy in his budget message, the House passed a bill not included in the budget estimates.

The amount involved was small—$1,000,000 a year for the study of water pollution in navigable streams. However, the measure opened the door to allocation of huge sums in grants and loans to States and cities to fight contamination. Despite vigorous opposition, the measure was passed, 187-121.

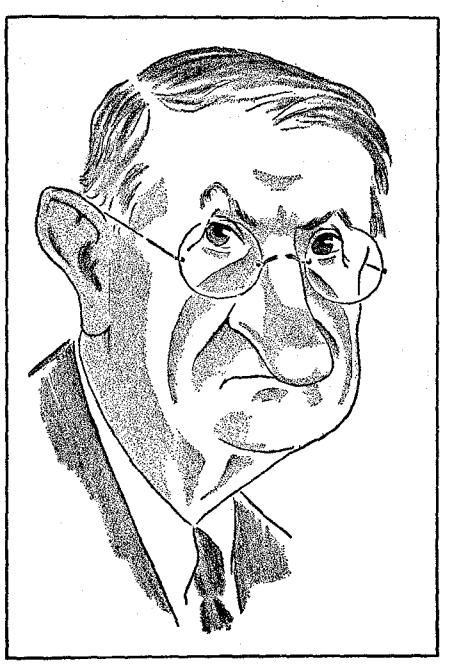
Unruly—Virtually every Washington correspondent to-day knows the Cabinet is far from being united, that Congress is likely to get out of hand at any moment.

Fact is, the Roosevelt Cabinet always has been divided into two distinct groups. The first of these may be called the "politically minded." Washington opinion includes in it Postmaster General Farley, Secretary of State Hull, Secretary of Commerce Roper, Vice President Garner, Attorney General Cummings; to a somewhat lesser degree, Secretary of the Navy Swanson.

The second is the "socially minded" group. In it are Secretary of the Interior Ickes, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau and Secretary of Labor Perkins. To these is added the undoubtedly great influence of Harry Hopkins, big boss of the WPA, and of John G. Winant of the Social Security Board. Should the President's reorganization plan be approved by Congress, both men are likely to be in the Cabinet, heading new departments.

But Washington writers know the rift is more serious than appears by this simple division. It is said freely in the cloak-rooms of Congress, wherever politics is discussed, that no love is lost between Secretaries Hull and Roper. The reciprocal trade treaties are responsible for this.

On the other side of the fence, it is an open secret that Messrs. Hopkins and Ickes do not always see eye to eye. When public works first were started as a relief measure, they were carried on by Mr. Ickes's PWA. It was not long, however, before PWA was whittled down to comparatively modest proportions by the encroachments of Mr. Hopkins's WPA upon the available funds. Mr. Ickes was not pleased.



By Robles in Washington Post

Mr. Ickes was not pleased by WPA encroachments on his pet PWA

Secretary Perkins displeased many of her Cabinet associates by her recent remarks on sit-downs and her general attitude toward them.

Clashes between Messrs. Ickes and Farley on patronage go back to 1933. In the Interior Department, the PWA and other enterprises under Mr. Ickes's direction, the primary recommendation for a job was not the acid test of "For Roosevelt Before Chicago."

The unpopularity of the President's Court plan among many influential Senators of his own Party, the feeling of many old-line Democrats that their beloved Party was being "sold down the river" to the New Dealers, bitterly controversial matters such as the Gavagan Antilynching Bill recently passed by the House—all are political megrims.

Vitally important will be the looming fight on economy. Rep. Maury Maverick of Texas is leading a revolt of liberals to increase the work-relief appropriation by $1,000,000,000. This probably will be a strictly Democratic fight. Also, there are other spending questions to be faced.

Hectoring—Signs that Party harmony is sagging under all these strains abound. In a sarcastic editorial, *The Arkansas Gazette* of Little Rock suggests a new basic industry might be the manufacture of swivel-chairs for the mounting army of Federal office-holders. Deeper and more searching is the comment of the Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier:*

"Rapidly, two new political parties are forming throughout the United States," says this paper. One, it predicts, will "uphold the common liberties of the people . . . the other party's leading principle will be that . . . one Big State be created and exalted at the expense of the people and to the humiliation of the . . . forty-eight States . . . the people will be asked to trust the Big State . . . as the god of jobs and giver of food, shelter, clothes and care. Names may survive. Both old parties are as dead as Hector."

Coming from the heart of Dixie, such comments are not reassuring to Democratic leaders. Demands that spending be ended feature most Southern editorial columns and these voice a notable absence of enthusiasm for the Court plan.

Washington also gossips that Senator Ashurst of Arizona favors a constitutional amendment reading: "Congress shall have the power to regulate Commerce, Industry, Labor and Agriculture."

Goals—Should this resolution go before the Senate with the Administration brand on it, there is likely to be a political row of the first magnitude. Obviously, it would constitutionalize NRA, AAA, the prohibition of child labor and virtually every New Deal social aim which has not yet been reached.

Any such row would be just one more headache added to an already imposing list.

It is no secret that most Democratic leaders hoped that the present session of Congress would be short. Many hoped it would be limited virtually to passing the

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appropriation bills. But the introduction of the Court proposal at once put an end to all thoughts of a short session.

Senators and Representatives are not fond of long sessions. They like to get home to keep an eye on home politics. They are not fond of controversial questions upon which their vote is to be registered. The present session bristles with such.

Nor is there any way in which the Democratic majority can dodge its responsibilities. It is so great that no Republican opposition can possibly be really hampering. Whatever comes from under the Capitol dome in 1937 must be answered for by the Party. The leaders realize this full well, realize also that when the 1938 Congressional elections roll around and every Representative and a third of the Senators must face the voters, there can be no buck-passing. This isn't an altogether comfortable thought.

Carping—Criticisms of the Administration which are beginning to be heard in both Houses probably arise from all these causes. A few days ago, Rep. Arthur P. Lamneck, Ohio Democrat, Member of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, declared on the floor that fiscal policies of the Roosevelt Administration were leading to "chaos" and added that the banks "have begun to lose confidence in the future of government bonds."

He continued to say that many States were receiving more from the Government than they were paying it in taxes.

These statements came a day or so before the President's budget message, with its demand for economy, admission that the budget can not be balanced this year and forecast of higher taxes in 1938.

Another headache which is hovering over the White House is the vexed political situation in New York City, where there has been a tendency on the part of the Tammany Hall leadership to paint Mayor F. H. LaGuardia as a "Red."

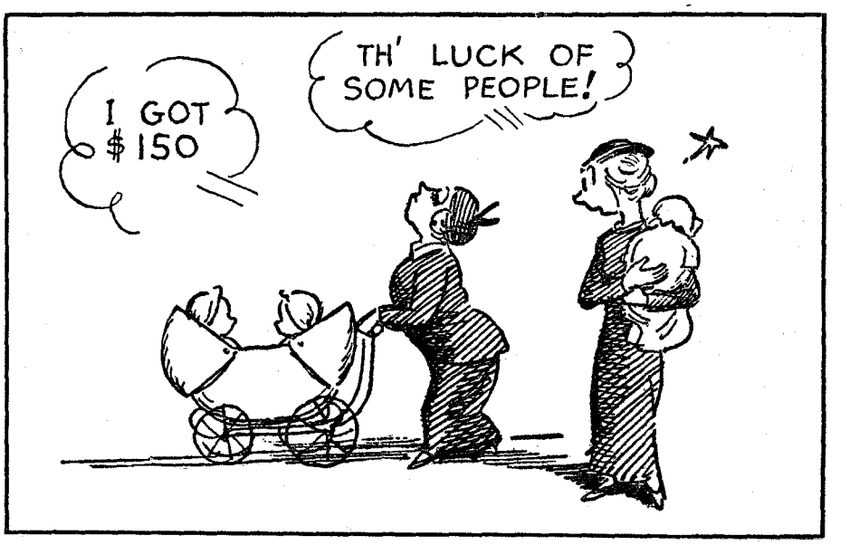
Altho officially a Republican, Mayor LaGuardia is a very good friend of President Roosevelt. Only last week-end, warnings came to the Tammany leaders that the President might go to LaGuardia's aid if radicalism were made the basis of the campaign against him.

Diving—Anti-Roosevelt Democrats in New York City insist that the President's tremendous p pularity of last fall is dropping. This would be in line with past performances of the Roosevelt popularity thermometer. It has shown a strong tendency to drop between campaigns and to rise to unexpected heights at the politically psychological moment.

Of evidence to back up this view-point there is no lack. Postmaster General Farley did not receive the most enthusiastic of receptions upon recent public appearances in New York to defend the Court plan.

But the real revolt is not in Tammany Hall. It is in the cotton-fields. So far conducted quietly and cautiously, it is now, as the New York *World-Telegram's* Thomas L. Stokes remarks, coming more into the open—led, behind the scenes, by no less a person than Vice President Garner.

Rallying around the slogan: "No More Taxes," the grumblers are grooming for the ultimate fray. It is possible that before the summer is out, Washington may again hear the Rebel yell.



"BABY BONUS—AND HOW THEY'D WORK IT"
—Will Johnstone in New York World-Telegram

BABY BONUS: $75 Hand-Out for Each New York State Infant Is Professor's Plan

Better than being born with a silver spoon in its mouth, every child in the State of New York will be born with seventy-five silver dollars in its hand if Professor-Assemblyman Emerson D. Fite's Birthday Bill passes the Senate and is approved by Governor Lehman.

Some call it falling in line.

Mussolini offers loans to young Italian couples for marriage expenses and pays the highest wages to men with the largest families.

Hitler says: "The program of our National Socialist women's movement has only one point: Babies."

Japan is "tops" in birth-rate statistics; Nipponese (and Chinese) children bring honor—no children, disgrace.

Russia, giving the birth-ball too hearty a push, finds it difficult to stop. It is an executive decree in the Soviet Union that parents may not receive birth gratuities until the offspring attain five.

England admits that "the progressive decrease in our population is going to rise . . . a terrifying problem demanding the closest study."

France offers heads of families holding government posts $30 a year extra for the first child, $45 for the second, $92 for the third, $115 for the fourth and on up.

Yet, illegal birth-control clinics are proving vastly effective in decreasing the population.

"But my bill," says "Daddy" Fite (Dutchess County Republican), "would apply alike to the rich and poor and to aliens as well as citizens; illegitimate as well as legitimate children."

Woman Objects—"That's just it," shouts a feminine opponent of this European brand of bribes to parents. "It is shocking that the Assembly should have passed a bill of this kind . . . with no debate on its medical aspect . . . amazing that no Assemblyman was well enough informed to know that the Federal Social Security Act contemplates a program to provide for more adequate maternity care for the underprivileged . . . this may be the season for legislative largess . . . yet it would behoove our representatives to think before they vote."*

Assemblyman Anthony Canney, Erie Democrat, fears the Baby Bill will "leave the door wide open for common prostitution." He would exclude the illegitimates.

"But the illegitimates cost the State more right now than the legitimates," remonstrates Professor Fite, jumping to explain that if 200,000 babies were born in New York next year, the cost would be about $15,000,000, but the State's share would be only $4,000,000 and the remainder would be shared by the town and the Federal Government.

Prospective beneficiaries among New York women say of the bill: "Wonderful!" "Would remove a burden." "Would aid business." "Makes for bigger and better babies!"

Minority Leader Irwin Steingut of the Assembly balks at the cost, but agrees to "string along" with the bill if it is made to apply only to needy mothers.

NOTE-TAKING: Labor and Capital Sit Down to Talk It Over as Strikes Spread

In the soothing serenity of a thick-carpeted, oak-paneled conference-room in the United States Department of Lab r last week, thirty-two labor and industrial leaders sat, smoked and talked of collective bargaining, of the desirability of ending strikes, of the "responsibilities" of labor and management to each other.

John L. Lewis (who after the meeting attempted unsuccessfully to shield his daughter, Kathryn, from photographers) was close enough to his arch-rival William Green to throw a spitball at him, if he had felt like it. Colby M. Chester, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, was the same distance from J. Warren Madden, Chairman of the National Labor Relations Board.

But there were no unseemly incidents. Tho the conference produced nothing in the way of a concrete labor-management agreement, Secretary Frances Perkins, presiding, told reporters that it was

*Dorothy Dunbar Bromley in New York *World-Telegram.*

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"a most productive meeting," adding by way of substantiation: "Every man in the room took notes."

On a further report by Miss Perkins to the effect that "there was a complete meeting of minds on the proposition that contracts are sacred and binding," Columnist Hugh S. Johnson was moved to say:

"Ain't that the berries! One wonders where the conference got on 'honesty is the best policy,' 'two plus two equals four' and 'you can't keep a squirrel on the ground.' Maybe they didn't proceed that far. . . ."

Rash—Such caustic observations to the contrary notwithstanding, there was good reason for the failure of labor and management to move definitely toward the forging of a permanent national labor policy at this time. The Supreme Court's decision on the National Labor Relations Act was not yet a fortnight old. Throughout the land, labor was pushing forward with renewed vigor and confidence. The epidemic of sit-downs and walk-outs was breaking forth once more.

In Maine, National Guardsmen patrolled the streets of the twin cities of Lewiston and Auburn, where 6,400 workers in nineteen shoe factories were out on a C.I.O.-sponsored strike. A State Supreme Court justice had issued an injunction against the strike on the ground that "the union (United Shoe Workers of America) came here and undertook to institute itself as a bargaining agency before it was a duly constituted agent."

But the restraining order had not prevented several attempts of massed strikers to march across Androscoggin Bridge to the factories in Auburn. It had taken a more effective barrier in the persons of State Troopers and Sheriff's deputies to forestall that. As the week came to a close amid flurries of snow and occasional clouds of tear gas, six C.I.O. organizers (including Powers Hapgood, labor-loving New England Secretary of the Lewis organization) were under arrest on charges of inciting to riot, some 2,000 non-striking workers were at work once more after their twenty-eight days of idleness.

Water-Front—In New York, the International Longshoremen's Association called its members off the piers used by the ships of the Cunard White Star and Furness-Withy lines. I.L.A. President Joseph P. Ryan announced that his men would not go back to work until the two lines agreed to stop using members of the National Independent Longshoremen's Union, a Canadian organization, to unload cargo at Montreal and other ports.

In New Jersey, 1,900 workers sat down in the Harrison plant of the Crucible Steel Company of America to demonstrate their dissatisfaction with the "dilatory" tactics of the management in setting a date to negotiate demands.

In Oshawa, Ontario, strikers in General Motors of Canada, Ltd., reached an agreement with their bosses and with the "Fighting Premier," Mitchell F. Hepburn. Noticeably absent during the negotiations were Homer Martin, President of the United Automobile Workers of America, and other C.I.O. leaders against whom the Premier had been warring for two weeks. More trouble loomed in Ontario's steel-plants and metal-mines, where the C.I.O., claiming membership "in the thousands," plans to present demands within a week.

C.I.O. Rivals—In Flint, Michigan, where automobile production is returning to normal despite the harassment of occasional unofficial sit-downs, the Independent Automobile Employees' Association flowered suddenly for the avowed purpose of representing workers who are not members of any union. Claiming that it was already 6,000 strong, the new organization made the bold announcement that it would take out incorporation papers and begin waging war immediately on John L. Lewis because it recognized "the irresponsibility of the C.I.O."

Pictures, Inc.

"Spare my daughter" . . . John L. Lewis makes a gesture to camera men

Just as vigorously anti-C.I.O. was another new workers' association, the American Labor League, which opened headquarters in Detroit last week. Also incorporated under the laws of Michigan, the League declared that it would make membership drives in all industries but that "auto and steel will be the first and most important objectives."

The men and women at Secretary Perkins's conference could hardly be expected to draw up a labor policy that would anticipate a triple-headed collision involving these groups and the Lewisites in the Michigan auto plants.

A.F.L.—In Washington the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor held a conference and decided to give the war against John L. Lewis the dignity of official sanction. In two weeks, there will be a convention of the 108 "loyal" Federation unions in Cincinnati for the primary purpose of raising money to fight the insurgent Committee for Industrial Organization.

To date, the Federation's struggle for self-preservation has been haphazard and ineffective. Loyal craft-unions, in anxious drives for new members, have paid little attention to jurisdictional boundaries. The International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, for example, out to establish what amounts to a vertical union, is stepping on the toes of the Machinists' Union, craft organization. Such activities indicate that the Federation Executive Council soon may have on its hands not only the battle with Lewis but also bitter family quarrels.

While Labor thus was making the most of the new power which the United States Supreme Court's decision in the Wagner Act cases had given it, the Nine continued last week to be the center of a controversy which is growing colder as the days pass.

After limping through five days of colorless hearings, the Senate Judiciary Committee decided to begin executive sessions on the President's Court-enlargement program this week without questioning any more witnesses. It is probable that the bill will be in the hands of the Committee for at least three more weeks.

Committee Split—Because nine of the eighteen Senators on the Committee, which will be haggling over the President's plan in secret sessions during the next three or four weeks, are unalterably opposed to the idea of adding six new Justices to the high bench, there is good reason for believing that the group will not submit a report on the program.

Observers were predicting last week that if one were made, it would be unfavorable. Even the genial Henry F. Ashurst, Chairman of the Committee, seemed to be thinking along these lines. To reporters, he said, airily:

"An unfavorable report would in no sense be a fatal blow. Everybody knew from the start that the Committee was not for this bill."

DIVINE JUDGMENT:

"God" of Harlem Bailed Out of Jail After "Kingdom" Riots

"Peace! It's wonderful!"

Or was. Seems "Heaven" ain't what it's cracked up to be and "Father Divine, he ain't God! He ain't no more God than you are—he's just a damned man!"

Thus did "Faithful Mary," Divine's "so-called wife" and "No. 1 Angel," dismiss the myth of Harlem's Negro Messiah last week. "Faithful Mary" is back on "Earth," after violent rioting that took place in "Heaven" early on Tuesday

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morning, April 20. One Harry Green, victim of a mysterious stabbing, is hovering betwixt the two planets.

Trouble knocked on "Heaven's" door when Major J. Divine—"God" to thousands of black and white "Deciples"—was served with a subpena by a white mortal named Paul Camora, on behalf of a woman who claimed she gave "God" her life savings of several thousand dollars, in return for "everlasting peace." What she got nothing else but was mis'ry. And mis'ry now spreads all over "Heaven."

Harry Green got his share when he accompanied Camora to the "Gates of Heaven" at 20 West 115th Street, out of curiosity to see what "Heaven" was like, and was stabbed in the stomach with "something resembling an ice-pick."

Green now lies in Harlem Hospital in a serious condition and "God" is under arrest on a charge of felonious assault. He had disappeared after the rumpus and his followers said he had "gone up in de spirit." He must have lost his ethereal way, however, for police found him last Thursday in the nethermost region of a house in Milford, Connecticut, *i.e.*, the cellar. He had tried to "invisibilize" himself without success. Surrendering to invading police, he raised his right hand and said: "Peace, it's wonderful!"

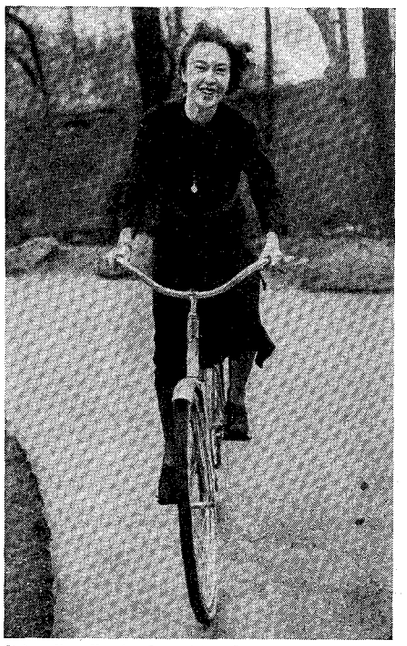
Eggs—Police description listed him as "George Baker, sixty, alias The Messenger, alias Major J. Divine, alias Rev. J. Divine; figures in the court annals of Valdosta, Georgia, for February, 1914, under the designation of 'John Doe, alias God,' because he would give no name, and his followers even then said he was God. A jury, unimpressed, found him of unsound mind, ordered him out of the State. Police returned his effects and among them was a newspaper clipping showing George Baker had served sixty days on a chain-gang. Thin, under five feet, bald, Baker wears double-breasted blue suits, tan shoes, bright ties, pearl stick-pin and gold button in his lapel. Favorite dish, six scrambled eggs."

Taken after his arrest to a cell at Police Headquarters, New York, he heard his flock, quickly gathered, chanting outside: "He's God, he's God, Father Divine is God!" Through his attorney, Arthur Madison, he sent word from his cell-cot that he was "happy that my children have come to keep me company."

Tho he was shortly released on bail, his troubles were not over. From Elting, New York, sixty miles north of Manhattan, came the disheartening news that fire had gutted the $25,000 "Promised Land" farm which the cult leader maintained there for some of his followers.

Lawyer Madison is preparing a defense for "God" and three of "his chilluns," who were released in $500 bail each after denying knowledge of the riot in "Heaven" that resulted in the stabbing of a white man and the beating of two others. They gave their names as Happy Boy Job, forty; Roosevelt Perry, thirty-three, and Charles Calloway, fifty-nine. "The Kingdom" was their only address.

Wife—"Mother Divine," whose earthly marriage to Father Divine took place many years ago, is being treated for a kidney ailment at Benedictine Hospital near Kingston, New York. She gave her name as Anna Brown and her age as sixty-three when she entered the hospital on April 12. She is not to be confused with



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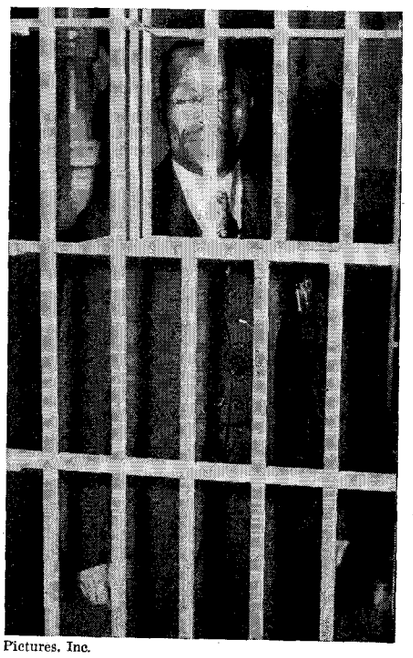
The "Virgin Mary" on a bicycle . . . what she thought would be heaven turned out to be hell

"Faithful Mary" whose relationship with "God" was purely spiritual. "Faithful Mary" is footing the bills for "Mother Divine," amounting to $21 weekly, but has not visited her since April 17.

"Faithful Mary," eyes opened to the new light and next to "God" in power in the cult, owns most of the "Heavens," "Peace Missions," "Promised Land" farms, "Dress Shops" and "Glory-Be-to-Father-Divine Restaurants." They all are in her name. "God" has never figured in money transactions. "Faithful Mary" has always "arranged" things, but what Faithless Mary will do with the heavenly properties and divine domains is not known. While faithful, she claimed she got the money from "God."

But Mary has changed her tune.

In Los Angeles, meanwhile, seventeen-year-old Delight Jewett was "glad" to tell a Federal grand jury her story of being lured to California from her home in Denver, with a man named John Wuest Hunt, white, to become the "Virgin Mary" of a "New Bethlehem" establishment. Hunt, Western worker in Divine's cult, is charged with violation of the Mann Act. He is said to have told the "hypnotized" girl she was chosen to bear a "New Redeemer." Miss Jewett said what she thought was heaven turned out to be hell.



Pictures, Inc.

"God" spent the night in jail when police caught up with him in the cellar of "Heaven"

"ESTIEST" BRIDGE: To Her Galaxy of Superlatives, California Adds Span Over Golden Gate

Not enough for California are the world's juiciest fruits, fragrantest flowers, sparklingest sunshine, dazzlingest stars, bubblingest wines, babblingest evangelists, bulgiest incomes. On May 27, she celebrates, with Gargantuan four-day festival, the galaest opening of the longest, highest, widest, handsomest, costliest bridge in the world, connecting San Francisco with the North-Bay Redwood Empire.

Thirty-five million dollars now swings across the Golden Gate; twelve men lie buried in the black waters beneath it; twenty-four barely escaped a similar fate and hundreds have been injured since 1919, when the bridge was begun. Monument of American genius, to catch the eye of every traveler to the United States arriving in the West, as the Statue of Liberty is the landmark in the East.

Into it have gone 100,000 tons of steel, 80,000 miles of wire, enough lumber in scaffolding to build a village of seventy-eight modern five-room bungalows, concrete equal to the displacement of ten first-line battle-ships of 33,000 tons each. If all excavations made during the work were figured on the basis of a single hole, that hole would be ten feet square and twenty-six miles deep; if a man walked four miles an hour for eight hours a day, it would take him six years and ten months to walk from end to end of the wire used in the two main cables. The elevation of each of the massive towers is 746 feet, 191 feet taller than the Washington Monument. The Eiffel Tower in Paris exceeds the Golden Gate towers in height by only 239 feet.

Personal Appearance—Loaded to capacity with as many vehicles and pedestrians as can be packed upon it and with a wind blowing in excess of ninety miles an hour, experts maintain that the bridge has a 2.6 factor of safety. Altho dog-teams from Alaska will be present at the opening, no horse may set foot on the famous bridge.

Seven hundred feet longer than the George Washington Memorial Bridge across the Hudson at New York, hitherto ranked as the world's greatest suspension-bridge, the Golden Gate span is the only one ever flung across the extreme outer mouth of a major ocean harbor. If all its rivets were placed head to toe, they would form an iron serpent that would writhe for thirty-six miles.

Invitations to this spectacle of spectacles have been addressed to President Roosevelt, the Governor-General of Canada, the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, the President of Mexico and the Governors of forty-eight States. The Navy has promised that all naval vessels

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in Pacific waters at that time will be concentrated at San Francisco. It is expected that other navies will be represented.

Two great cavalcades, one starting from Mexico and one from Canada, will meet on the bridge for the opening ceremonies. The Canadian cavalcade will be headed by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in full regalia and will include native Indians in costume, and dog-teams from the northern regions that will join with dog-teams from Alaska and delegations from Washington and Oregon.

On "International Night," foreign residents of each country will stage their own parades and festivities. Mayor Angelo Rossi has cabled Premier Benito Mussolini inviting him to send an air-squadron to the celebration, as a gesture to the Italian colony on the Pacific Coast.

Despite the tumult and the shouting, the voice of Bailey Willis, Professor Emeritus of Geology at Stanford University, has been heard and heeded by hundreds. In April, 1934, Willis charged publicly that an earthquake fault at the bridge-site and serpentine rock underneath was causing engineers and geologists to spend $5,000 more boring ten acres. Bridge authorities found his theory untrue.

Augur—He predicted closely the Los Angeles quake. Bright-eyed, brusk, with a lace-curtain beard, Professor Willis is a distinguished figure and is widely liked in California despite his habit of frightening residents from time to time with reports of earthquake faults, of which he holds there are five major ones in the State. With the wisdom of his eighty years, Professor Willis to-day merely wags his head and says: "Wait and see!"

It was on August 29, 1919, that Rep. Richard J. Welch, then a member of the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco and Chairman of the San Francisco Commercial Development and Transbay Bridge Committee, introduced a resolution to make the "dream" of a Golden Gate Bridge "a feasible and material reality." To Chief Engineer Joseph B. Strauss fell the business of working out the details. He approximated the span at 4,000 feet, missed it by only 200 — two and one-half times longer than any span ever built.

HIS MARYLAND:

Mencken, Clown-Turned-Lawyer, Offers New State Constitution

When a clown turns from japery to sober ruminations on the evils besetting civilization, chances are ten-to-one against his being taken seriously. His admirers, trained to expect nothing but wit, will continue to laugh, despite his most earnest efforts to convert them to a new diet.

In just this exasperating position a fortnight ago was Henry L. Mencken, reporter, essayist and lexicographer,* by virtue of a sudden excursion into the field of constitutional law. Voluntarily, he had presented to his fellow citizens of Maryland, through the dignified columns of the Baltimore *Sun*, "A Proposed New Constitution" for the Old Line State.

A generation that had pounced avidly on Menckenian buffoonery in *Smart Set* and *The American Mercury* during the booming, care-free twenties, and that had been tickled by "H. L.'s" Shavian, needle-pointed thrusts at badge-toting Rotarians, marriage and politics, blinked and looked again.

No Joke—But the clown was not gibing. The "Blond Beast of Baltimore," the "Bogy-Man of the Booboisie," as various of his critics have dubbed him, was pamphleteering without a twinkle in his eye.

The Constitution of the Free State of Maryland, as drafted in 1867, provides that the Legislature, every twenty years, shall "take the sense of the people in regard to calling a convention for altering this Constitution." During the last seventy years, Marylanders have voted twice negatively, once affirmatively, on this proposition. They asked for the convention in 1930, but the Legislature declined to call one. Inspired a month ago by "the need for a general overhauling" of Maryland's Government, "H. L." took upon himself a revision of the Constitution.

Pictures, Inc.

No twinkle in his eye as H. L. Mencken fights for new Maryland Charter

Panaceas—Last week, he facetiously commented: "I haven't the slightest idea why I wrote it. Just deviltry, I suppose. . . ." The deviltry is approximately 8,000 words long and is divided into eight articles, each embodying some pet political or economic theory.

For example, Article I, "The Elective Franchise," includes such Menckenian principles as the raising of the voting age to twenty-five, the disfranchising of convicted felons, office-holders and persons on relief, the abolition of the party system, nominations by petition of voters.

In his "Bill of Rights" contained in Article II, "H. L." has inserted the paragraph:

"The provisions of this Constitution shall apply as well in time of war as in time of peace and there shall be no departure therefrom under the plea of necessity, or on any other ground."

This Article also proposes the abolition of court fees, with the intention of making justice "free to all" in fact, as well as in name. "A poor man is often dissuaded from seeking justice by its prohibitive cost," Mencken has often argued. "Even without fees to pay, he would still be sufficiently sweated by his lawyer."

The third Article, covering "General Policies," raises more controversial points than all the others combined. Here are gathered old, familiar Menckenisms on marriage, divorce and sociology. Thus:

Section 3—". . . No divorce shall be granted until the marriage shall have endured at least three years. . . ."

Section 5—"No license to marry shall be granted to any female who has not reached the age of eighteen years, nor to any male who has not reached the age of twenty-one, nor to any person of either sex who has been married more than twice previously, or who has been divorced within the two years next preceding."

Section 7—"Laws may be passed providing for the sterilization of persons adjudged . . . to be biologically unfit for reproduction, whether physically or mentally, and criminality involving violence to the person may be reckoned as an evidence of such unfitness."

Section 8—"No person shall be paroled, pardoned or released on suspended sentence a second time."

Under the proposed Constitution, Maryland's executive and legislative branches would be unique among States: The Governor would have a ten-year term and his power to reprieve and commute sentences would be strictly limited; the Legislature would consist of a unicameral Legislative Council of fifteen persons elected at large for a five-year term; clergymen, bankrupts and lunatics would be barred from membership; the State's twenty-three counties would be obliterated and their places taken by five districts, each governed by a District Council of three persons.

Cocked Eye—With one eye cocked at President Roosevelt's plan for the reorganization of the United States Supreme Court, Mencken provides for a High Court to pass on the constitutionality of State laws, and specifies: "Its decision shall be by a majority vote of all its members and no dissenting opinion shall be entered upon the record or otherwise published." The High Court is empowered to include in its decisions recommendations to the Legislative Council for amendments to invalidated laws.

Other aspects of the Mencken judiciary system would be:

1. A Court of Criminal Appeals, such as England has, to review the facts of an appealed case as well as the law involved and thus prevent alleged murderers from becoming political martyrs, as happened in the famed case of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti in 1921.
2. A Grand Inquest to try cases of impeachment involving high officers of the State.

Reactions—Noteworthy tho most of the features of the Mencken Constitution are, they are not calculated to delight politicians and therefore can achieve little more than academic attention. "So far, there is little reaction to my proposal in Maryland," the clown-turned-lawyer observed gloomily last week.

Elsewhere, there was favorable reaction. The New York *Herald Tribune*, for example, was moved to comment: ". . . One can not help doubting whether modern

*Mencken began his journalistic career on the Baltimore *Morning Herald* in 1899 and still is at it, his most strenuous assignments in 1936 having been the Republican and Democratic Conventions. Best-known essays are gathered in six volumes of "Prejudices." A year ago, Alfred Knopf published his "The American Language" (first edition 1918), "corrected, enlarged, and rewritten."

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society is not too fluid and cantankerous for the ordered bonds which Mr. Mencken would forge for it. . . . But the approach is provoking of thought and one wonders whether Mr. Mencken may not have started something."

HOUR FAST: Spring Forward, Fall Back, Fourth of Nation Works on Daylight-Saving Time

One spring day in 1914 a callow reporter of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* came breathlessly to interview Electrical Wizard Charles Proteus Steinmetz.

"What do you think of this daylight-saving time business?" the newsman asked.

"Nothing," snapped the irascible wizard.

"But they say it gives the worker another hour of daylight," ventured the reporter hopefully.

Steinmetz, hard-boiled Socialist, snorted.

"Why not take an hour off the working day instead?" he snapped.

Three years later, half the world was rising, sleeping, eating and working under daylight-saving time.

Not that they were all satisfied with it. The farmer's attitude is one of implacable hostility.

Dispute—This year, some 33,000,000 Americans (one-fourth of the population) will live under the fast time from about May 1 until September. The dates vary.

Just who conceived the notion that by setting clocks an hour ahead every one would get up earlier, go to bed earlier and have another hour of daylight leisure seems a matter of dispute. Nor is it important.

In all likelihood, daylight-saving or, as it now is coming to be called, "fast" or "summer" time, never would have become more than another freak idea, had it not been for the War. Few communities had accepted the idea, either in Europe or the United States, until it began to dawn upon belligerent nations in 1915-'16 that getting their civilian populations to bed an hour earlier would help conserve coal.

Whereupon virtually all with any coal left to conserve legislated clocks ahead.

When the United States entered the War (April 6, 1917), the issue was more or less lost to sight in the rush of general preparations. There was too little time to save any.

But the following spring it became official virtually everywhere.

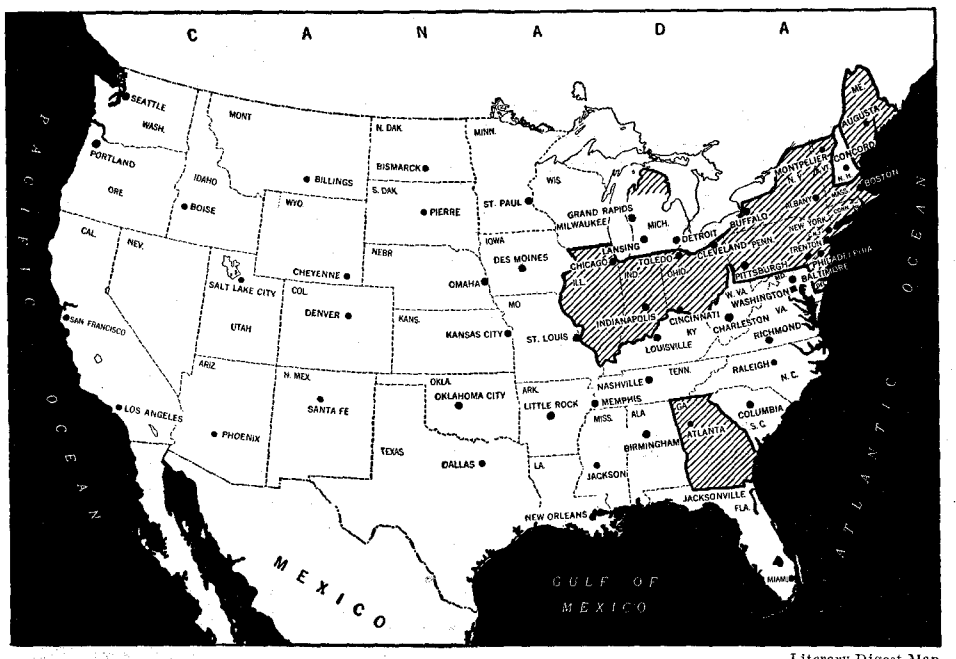
"Save"—Those who did not like the idea put up with it on the ground of coal conservation. Those were the days when the War was to be won by saving sugar, bread, breath and old cigarette-butts. Any one could do almost anything by using the magical word "Save."

The War ended, but not the daylight-saving controversy. Seventeen States have it in their urban areas. Agricultural States want none of it. Railroads stick to standard time. New York, the nation's money market and business nerve-center, sticks to it, draws many others in its train because of the business advantages involved.

Principal among New York cities refusing to keep the system is Rochester (third city).

Probably the entire issue, which annually convulses some sections, can best be summed up by saying:

Golfers, gardeners, others, love it.
Mothers, milkmen, others, cuss it.



Literary Digest Map

The East shows a preference for a longer day . . . shaded areas have daylight-saving time

Pix

Farmers are hostile to daylight-saving time . . . their work begins before the dawn

Topics in Brief

OUR IDEA of an obscure Government bureau is one that can't issue twelve pamphlet reports a year.—*Dallas News.*

ANOTHER sign that conditions are easing up is this national and international discussion of strip-teasers.—*Miami (Fla.) Herald.*

MANY nations are armed to the teeth and the trouble is they are not wisdom-teeth.—*Carey Williams in Atlanta Georgian.*

WHAT THE Fascist forces are doing to each other in Spain should create a demand for weskits bullet-proofed fore and aft.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A WOULD-BE dictator got badly licked at the polls in Belgium. In fact in that race he didn't even remotely resemble a Belgian hare.—*Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.*

EUROPEAN nations rarely are averse to joining peace conferences, so long as they don't interfere with their preparations for war.—*Jack Warwick in Toledo Blade.*

CHINA has agreed to resume payments on a foreign debt defaulted in 1930. Maybe we would profit if Japan took over Europe, too.—*Dallas Morning News.*

AN AMERICAN is the man who likes to discuss the U. S. Constitution despite the fact he has never taken the time to read it.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

LONDON AND PARIS Sound Warning to Italy—Head-Line. It's wasted; Mussolini already has a fine collection of London and Paris warnings.—*Lynchburg (Va.) News.*

THE LINDBERGHS would help European reporters a lot if every time they hopped they left word whether they were going to land secretly or get lost.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

AN EX-POLICEMAN in London has asked for an injunction against the Coronation of George VI, claiming that he is the rightful King. He must have worked on the traffic-squad.—*Christopher Billopp in Baltimore Sun.*

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Parade

Gov. **George H. Earle** of Pennsylvania, who recently remarked, "I heartily disapprove of Governors who are bitten by the Presidential bug," was confined to his bed by mumps last week. "Imagine getting mumps at my age," said the forty-seven-year-old executive, often mentioned as a possible Democratic candidate for President in 1940. "The disease is a nuisance. I always thought it was a childhood affliction. Republicans probably will accuse me of being in my second childhood."

* * *

Abandonment and gross neglect of duty were charged by **Mrs. John D. M. Hamilton,** when she filed suit in Topeka last week for separate maintenance against her husband, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Hamilton, in Washington, said he would not contest the suit.

* * *

Mrs. Ella A. Boole, President of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, announces that President Roosevelt will send a message of welcome to the triennial convention of the W.C.T.U. in Washington on June 3. "We wanted to honor the President of the United States," Mrs. Boole explained. "Of course, we have not forgotten his attitude on liquor questions, but we do know also that he favors peace."

* * *

Igor Stravinsky, rebellious Russian-born composer, played poker on Tuesday night, dealt himself straights, fours-of-a-kind, royal flushes. His table: The Metropolitan Opera House stage in New York City; his deck of cards: George Balachine's American Ballet dancers. Blue-wigged and bearded kings, yellow-haired queens, militant jacks, a mischievous joker were shuffled and dealt onto a jade-green set with brilliant red border as the nervous, temperamental fantasist conducted the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, directed the world *première* of his "Card Party, a Ballet in Three Deals."

Clarence Darrow, his granite-hewn head gnarled by eighty years of fighting against bigotry and ignorance, secluded himself in Chicago on his birthday last week, due to ill health, but lashed at lynching as "the rankest vengeance." Skeptical all his life, he wrote, in answer to questions: "The earth is the home and the only home of man. Whatever he is to get out of his life, he must get while he is here. I am fairly well satisfied with the way I have lived and acted."

* * *

Tammanyite **John J. O'Connor,** Democratic Representative, was annoyed when Mayor F. H. LaGuardia of New York City apologized to 200 of the House of Representatives: "Formerly it was the custom to give the keys of the city to distinguished guests. But John O'Connor's friends were at City Hall so long they didn't even leave the keys." O'Connor was hissed and applauded when he retaliated by addressing the Fusion Executive of America's metropolis as "Mr. Ex-Mayor-shortly-to-be."

Wide World

A mischievous joker woos the queen of hearts

Wide World

When the cards are dealt, four queens and a joker survive the shuffle in Stravinsky's "Card Party, a Ballet in Three Deals"

Borough President **George U. Harvey** of Queens, New York City, claims that if he commanded the police force for two weeks "I'd guarantee to you that there wouldn't be a single Communist left in New York. I wouldn't need any fancy orders. I'd just say: 'Boys, get about three feet of rubber hose and don't bring any of them back to the station-house'."

* * *

Paul Revere again galloped through every Middlesex village and farm last week to celebrate Patriots' day in Massachusetts. Reenacting the ride of 1775, **William L. Joyce,** tricorn hat and all, dashed into Harvard Square to warn Gov. Charles F. Hurley that "the British are coming." But the unworried Governor had mistaken his directions, was in another part of town.

* * *

Newest profession is that of Exaltationist **Marion Kerby,** whose ambition as a singer of Negro songs is "to turn black before your eyes." Says she: "Negroes are exalted when they sing, that's why I don't just call my songs spirituals or lullabies."

* * *

Court-baiter **Henry A. Wallace,** Secretary of Agriculture, has no personal grudge against Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes. Once a week, a bouquet of cut flowers from the Secretary's official garden is delivered to Mrs. Hughes.

* * *

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true—

Maxwelton's braes still are bonnie, but **Annie Laurie's** estate in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, which had been occupied continuously by her family since 1611, is to let.

* * *

"Jingles" **John Donahue,** Irish traffic-cop uses poetry instead of tickets for Waterbury, Connecticut, parking offenders. Sample of his warnings:

Next to a hydrant,
Too far from the curb.
Next time a tag
Instead of a blurb.

* * *

Gov. **Frank Murphy** for the first time last week saw **Governor Murphy** without the use of mirrors. Republican Gov. Francis P. Murphy of New Hampshire, meeting the Democratic Michigan executive at a Knights of Columbus dinner in Boston asked, "How's everything?" "Fine," replied the No. 1 Governor Murphy.

* * *

"If the English had suggested that I appear at the Coronation in a gunny sack with holes cut for the arms, I should have done so," remarked **James W. Gerard,** Honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Most Hon. Order of the Bath, when he left for London to attend the Coronation as the President's special representative. British tailors, he added, will provide the prescribed ceremonial dress, including black knee-breeches, silk stockings and pumps with bows. "I wouldn't dare trust an American tailor. He'd make me plus-four knickers."

* * *

Radio, motion-pictures and pulp-magazines are "the three greatest flop-houses in America," thinks **Jay B. Nash** of the New York University School of Education. "Give Americans a great amount of leisure and most of them will simply let down and sleep more, mentally."

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BUDGET "STRIP-TEASES" JOHN BULL

His Taxpayers Must Bet Shirts on Horse in Arms Race

J. H. Thomas talked too much last year as British budget-day rolled around and lost his Cabinet portfolio as a result. There were no leaks last week as dour-visaged Neville Chamberlain broke the distressing news to *John Bull* that his purse must stretch again.

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer strode toward the Treasury's battered red dispatch-case in the House of Commons, only a few high Civil Service officials and Cabinet Ministers knew what he would say.

Lloyd's, certain that the income tax would go up threepence, had refused to insure against it; underwriters also declined to cover a jump in the gasoline tax, tho that increase was not among the Chancellor's plans.

Cabinet Ministers themselves had heard Chamberlain's secrets only the evening preceding their presentation. And they were sensational.

For somehow Chamberlain had to find this year's share of the $7,000,000,000 which Britain hopes to spend on armaments in the next five years — a plan opponents denounce as "the most magnificent subscription to the world-suicide pact which has yet been publicized."

While the crowded House clung to his words, the dry, stiff Chancellor kept suspense at fever-pitch.

"It has been suggested that I tax bachelors, bicycles, cats, dogs, débutantes, fiction, loud-speakers and other things," he said. . . . "None of these are of any use to me. To impose a succession of new taxes would be a maximum disturbance."

Juggler—Mr. Chamberlain, whose brilliant handling of government finance puts him in line for the Prime Ministry when Stanley Baldwin resigns next month, sadly admitted a $26,250,000 deficit for the fiscal year which closed on April 1. The paper surplus of $1,000,000 which he forecasts for this year means very little, as he was the first to admit, since it takes no account of the 3 per cent. loan of $400,000,000 which he proposes to raise this year — part of the $2,000,000,000 loan the Government will raise in connection with its five-year arms program.

Ultraprosperous Tories got the only relief Mr. Chamberlain had to offer with the abolition of the "trousers tax," which cost employers of male servants — chauffeurs, valets and butlers — fifteen shillings a man annually. With the rest of Britain, however, they groaned over a threepence rise in the income tax, which means that the Government will nab five shillings out of every pound—a 25 per cent. tax. Thirty years ago they raged when the State took one shilling.

But Big Business, long accustomed to the benevolent coddling of Tory rule, bore the brunt of the Chancellor's harassed efforts to raise money for more arms. He struck at the heart of British war-profiteering, incidentally dealing industry as a whole the worst blow since 1918.

Surtax—Clamping down on all firms whose profits start at $10,000 annually, he claimed one-fifth of all profits above 6 per cent. After 10 per cent. the tax rises until, over 15 per cent., the Government will seize one-third of all profits.

Companies have the option of computing the tax against their average earnings from 1933 to 1935 or as return on their capital investment. Thus, the highly capitalized Imperial Chemical Industries may pay only $850,000 on that basis, instead of $1,420,000 due on the huge profits the war boom has brought them.

To sweeten the unwelcome burden — it would have been damned as "Socialist" and "confiscatory" if Labor had dared suggest it — the Chancellor dubbed the tax the "national defense contribution."

"The fact that I have to make fresh calls now despite the relief which was afforded to the budget by the Defense Loans Act," Mr. Chamberlain insisted, "is really the measure of the amount by which we have been able to accelerate our defense program. I can not help thinking that the taxpayer, altho he may groan and grumble at the fresh demands which are being made upon him, will find some consolation in the thought that his additional contributions represent an ever-quickening approach to the goal of safety.

"Nobody who reads the papers carefully," the Chancellor droned on, "can fail to be struck by the almost monotonous story of increased business, of record turnovers and larger profits. I suspect that on the whole those profits still fall short of the level of 1928 and 1929, but, on the other hand, there is no indication that they have yet reached their peak, and I myself anticipate they will continue for some time to expand.

Jolts—"In those circumstances it does not seem to me to be unreasonable to ask that this growth of business profits should be made the occasion of some special and temporary contribution on the part of those concerned toward the cost of national defense. . . . My hope is that the general prosperity, upon which, after all, the fate of every budget depends, will pursue an orderly and regulated process, so much to be preferred to violent advances which often are followed by violent collapses. It may well be that the proposals I have made to-day will exercise a steadying effect in that direction."

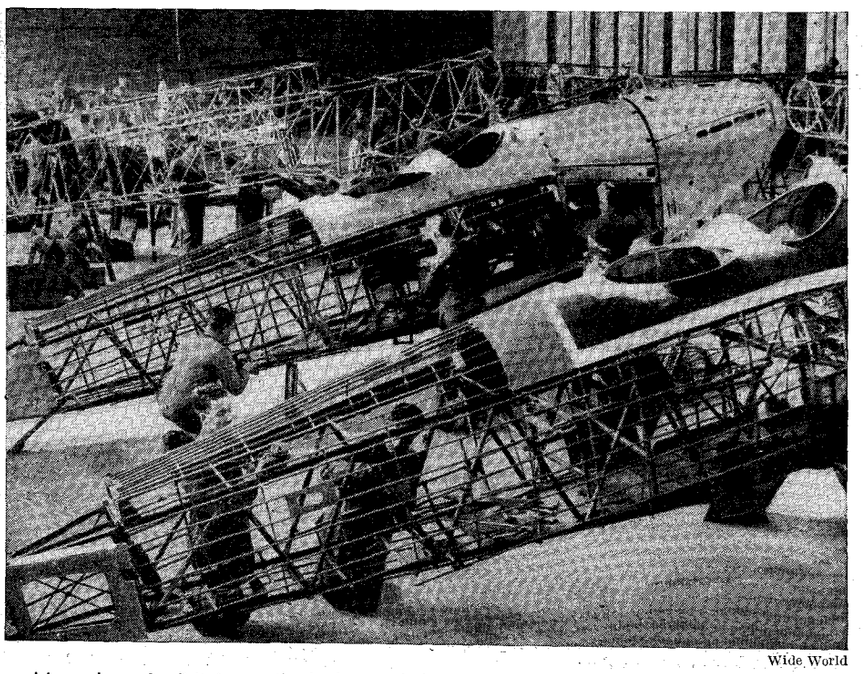
A stunned House failed to hail the conclusion of his speech with the enthusiastic cheers which had greeted its beginning. Prime Minister Baldwin gave the man slated to succeed him a fatherly pat.

Maj. Clement R. Attles, Laborite leader, leaped up to accuse Mr. Chamberlain of "strip-teasing" taxpayers; then, puncturing an old boast, he turned to Dickensian novels and said the Chancellor had not justified his "Great Expectations" but instead had landed the nation back in "Bleak House."

The situation would be even bleaker, as the Chancellor's opponents were quick to point out, if he had not passed by one

Wide World

Neville Chamberlain revealed Britain's budget secrets and returned them to their battered case



Wide World

More planes for Britain . . . the budget includes plans for expansion of the Royal Air Force

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little item of $785,000,000—Britain's past-due War debt to the United States.

Disregarding this item, Mr. Chamberlain estimated expenditures for the coming year at $4,245,212,160 and revenue at $4,246,452,000, showing a surplus of $1,239,840. But the country faces a $2,000,000,000 deficit for its defense loan in five years.

Offhand, such gigantic expenditure might look bad for the pound sterling. Britain imported goods worth $4,244,679,475 last year—a sum nearly twice as great as her exports of $2,203,593,920.

Shipper—What saves her is invisible exports. She owns the world's largest merchant marine and collects a heavy toll even from her imports in the form of shipping bills. She insures the world and international premiums add to the nation's prosperity.

Moreover, even before the War, Englishmen had invested $20,000,000,000 abroad. Canadian railroads, South African mines and Latin-American oil-wells reap a golden harvest of dividends which end in Britishers' pockets. Hence the tremendous purchases of war materials throughout the Dominions and Colonies not only enrich the Empire, but also increase the national income at home.

For the Government, which has spent millions to make the Coronation this month the costliest pageant in British history, the profits tax proves doubly encouraging. According to the New York *Times*, the Government probably can reimburse itself for all expenditures by taking one-third of the profits of hotel-keepers and other Coronation profiteers who have doubled and trebled their prices.

For Mr. Chamberlain himself, the new budget brought more good-will from the little fellow than the cold, logical statesman ever had enjoyed. But Tories felt bitter. The Laborite *Daily Herald* depicted their chagrin in a cartoon which showed a fat man, with the budget dagger in his heart, gasping to the Tory Chancellor: "*Et tu, Brute!*"

TENTACLE CUT: U. S. Signs Pact With Mexico Scrapping Right to Build Isthmian Road

Last week, two "good neighbors" complacently patted each other on the back, forgot, almost, a century-old game of rapacious double-dealing and land-grabbing.

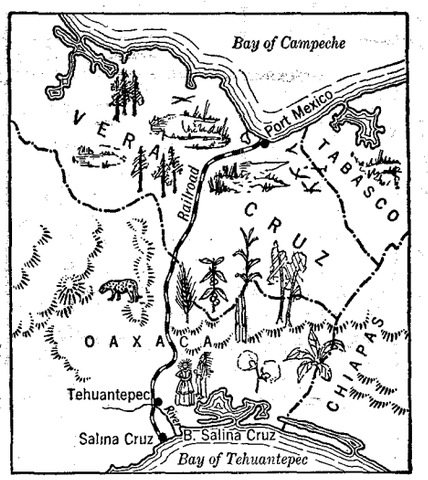
The only conterminous States of the Pan-American Union, Mexico and the United States, formally sloughed off the last segment of the "imperialistic" tentacle which Mexicans always have considered a slur on their sovereign status. To placate them, Secretary of State Cordell Hull signed a treaty terminating Article VIII of the Gadsden Treaty of 1853, which gave the United States a right to build a plank road or railway on the Tehuantepec Isthmus, patrol it with American troops and enjoy free transit of troops, munitions, persons or goods.

By relinquishing this right, which never had been exercised, the State Department action revived memories of days when the unborn "good-neighbor" policy found faint echoes in diplomatic and military circles, when rugged individualism and expediency were the order of the day.

The Tehuantepec (Jaguar Hill) Isthmus is the narrowest neck of Southern Mexico, a swampy, jungle-covered strip of about 125 miles separating the Atlantic from the Pacific. As far back as the sixteenth century, the Spanish *Conquistadores* dreamed of building a canal to facilitate the passage of traffic between the two oceans. Explorers and surveyors finally swayed the Spanish *Cortes* to authorize the digging of a canal (1814). It never was undertaken.

After the Mexican War and the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo (1848), the United States added, in addition to Texas, California, Nevada and Utah, part of Colorado, Arizona, western New Mexico and Wyoming to its territories. A great period of railroad building followed, and enterprising Americans raised rail-mileage from 8,800 to 21,300 between 1850 and 1854. Tho American promoters urged the peace negotiators to offer as much as $20,000,000 for railroad rights on the Isthmus, Mexicans scorned the offer, asserting the privilege already had been granted to British interests.

Six years earlier, Gen. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, soldier of fortune, ruthless dictator and President of Mexico, had rewarded his friend, Don José de Garay, with the right of opening communications



Literary Digest Map

Isthmus of Tehuantepec, where United States gave up treaty rights to build a plank road

between the two oceans, to fix a toll for a canal or railroad and to colonize a 150-mile strip on either side of the canal. Being a speculator, Garay found a "sucker" and in 1848 induced the Mexican Government to recognize his transfer of the right to the British firm of Manning & Mackintosh, which, in turn, sold it to P. A. Hargous & Co., New York City, ship-owners and financial agents, for $25,000.

Ultimatum—His new-found El Dorado led Hargous to enlist the support of Washington lobbyists, who apparently succeeded in cinching his claim by inducing the State Department to notify Mexico that "The annulment of the grant simply because it was in American hands would be regarded with just dissatisfaction by the American Government."

In the teeth of bitter Mexican opposition, Hargous demanded and got, in 1850, reciprocal guaranties from the two nations. He then formed the New Orleans Company (also known as the Tehuantepec Railroad Company), which he capitalized at $9,000,000, and spent $250,000 for survey work in the proposed construction.

Meanwhile, the proud, independent, lace-ruffled *Juchies* of Tehuantepec roused their uxorious husbands to a pitch of fury, demanding that foreigners be barred from exercising their mechanical deviltry on their land. So angered were Mexicans that, in 1851, the Government voided the original Garay grant and ordered the establishment of four military colonies on the isthmus.

In New York, Hargous was just as furious and, by pulling wires, demanded that Washington protect his claim or else indemnify him to the extent of $5,238,000. President Fillmore merely shrugged his shoulders and remarked that he could not involve the country in a war to gratify the "cupidity" of a private company.

Doubler—While Hargous dickered to revive his claim, a Kentucky adventurer, A. G. Sloo, saw his chance. Just a day before President Ceballos of Mexico abdicated in 1853, Sloo got him to sign a new concession, this time without the right of colonization or the transport of armed troops, however. Sloo was to pay $600,000, but, not having the money, offered it as security to F. P. Falconet, a British banker, in consideration for a loan. Still unable to raise the funds, Sloo lost his right, which Falconet hastily traded profitably to Hargous, who now came into possession of both the Sloo and Garay grants.

When President Pierce appointed James Gadsden of South Carolina Minister to Mexico, the one-time railroad magnate, soldier, diplomat and planter found the political situation in Mexico City most interesting. There Santa Anna was serving another term, this time as full-fledged dictator, tho badly in need of funds.

His treasury was some $17,000,000 short, gold holdings were being transferred abroad and the Army was restive. Santa Anna had to raise cash to keep the loyalty of his troops.

Originally, Gadsden's mission was to add about 45,535 miles to his country's boundaries. A few months after his arrival, he received "supplementary instructions" through Christopher Ward, a Pennsylvania lawyer and close business connection of the Hargous firm. These secret instructions, when reduced to writing at the insistence of Gadsden, asserted that the President of the United States was "determined to support those (Garay) claims in every proper form short of a declaration of war in regard to them alone."

Pull—Gadsden's protests were muffled by Ward's threats and show of influence. The Mexican Commission was furious and, at first, even refused to consider an indemnity of $5,000,000, later whittled down to $3,000,000, for the Hargous interest. But Santa Anna exerted his influence and, when the Treaty finally was concluded, Article VIII stipulated, among other things, "that neither Government will interpose any obstacle to the transit of merchandise or persons of both nations" over a plank road or railway; across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec; that the United States, "by its agents, shall have the right to transport across the Isthmus, in closed bags, the mails of the United States not intended for distribution along the line of communication; also, the effects of the United States Government and its citizens. . . . Neither passports nor letters of security will be required of persons crossing the

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Isthmus and not remaining in the country. . . . The two Governments will enter into arrangements for the prompt transit of troops and munitions of the United States.

"The Mexican Government having agreed to protect with its whole power the prosecution, preservation and security of the work, the United States may extend its protection, as it shall judge wise, to it when it may feel sanctioned and warranted by the public or international law."

Balm—Article VIII proved the undoing of Santa Anna, who vainly tried to assure furious Mexicans that the United States would have seized it anyway. In his memoirs, the ruthless dictator made an attempt to salve his conscience when he wrote that the United States, "with knife in hand, was attempting to cut another piece from the body it had just mutilated."

In this country, the New York *Tribune* scored a scoop when it disclosed the secret history of the Gadsden Treaty and how Ward had "deceived" its American author into extracting the Tehuantepec grant. Congress, however, ratified a modified version of it after a storm of protests.

SHAM BALLOT: Tho Japan Votes, Election Returns Change Nothing in Do-Nothing Diet

In vituperative tent-meetings, theater rallies, noisy open-air gatherings and an all-pervading atmosphere of sham, 799 Japanese politicians completed on April 29 Nippon's imitation of an Occidental election campaign.

Next day, 14,000,000 Japanese males more than twenty-five years old rushed to banner-hung polling-places and voted. As usual, the Seiyukai and Minseito Parties won most of the 466 seats in the *Shuugiin* (lower chamber) and the month of frenzy precipitated by Texas longhorn-mustached Premier Senjuro Hayashi's surprize dissolution of the Diet on March 31 (LITERARY DIGEST, April 10) was over.

Virtually nothing was changed. Not only are the two major political parties, Seiyukai (Friends of Politics) and Minseito (Popular Politics), as alike as two cans of peas, but the *Teikoku-Gikai* (Parliament) virtually is powerless.

The parties are not even respectively "ins" and "outs," sole difference which might distinguish them from each other. Both are "outs"; and by no stretch of hopeful imagination can either accede to power as a result of the elections. Only issue has been "down with the Hayashi Cabinet."

Shorn—The futility of the whole proceeding lies in the constitutional limitation of the Diet's powers.

It can neither execute policies nor change or control the governing Cabinet; there is no feeling among the Nipponese citizenry that it should.

To a people almost completely uninterested in democratic processes, the Emperor Meiji in 1889 handed a Constitutional Government modeled, outwardly, on the parliamentary systems of Europe, but with Parliament powerless in practise to do anything but rail at the Cabinet and cut down its budget. Even this latter power now is only a shadow. For if the Diet refuses to vote a budget proposed by the Cabinet in power, the Cabinet is authorized to repeat the preceding budget, therefore never lacks resources.

Until 1932, Occidental parliamentary forms were simulated, the Seiyukai and Minseito Parties taking turns at forming Cabinets and in throwing each other's Cabinets out.

Untied—Since May of that year, when a group of young Army officers "opposed to politics" assassinated "Old Fox" Premier Tsuyoshi Inukai, the Emperor and his advisers have named only bureaucrats without party connections to the higher Cabinet posts, a few party men holding minor portfolios on a sort of sufferance. The present Cabinet, headed by General Hayashi, numbers not a single member of any party.

Limited in power to obstructionism and sterile criticism of the Cabinet, professional politicians, more honorable careers denied them, in so many cases have turned to graft as their life-work that they are, as a class, in furiously bad odor from one end of the Empire to the other.

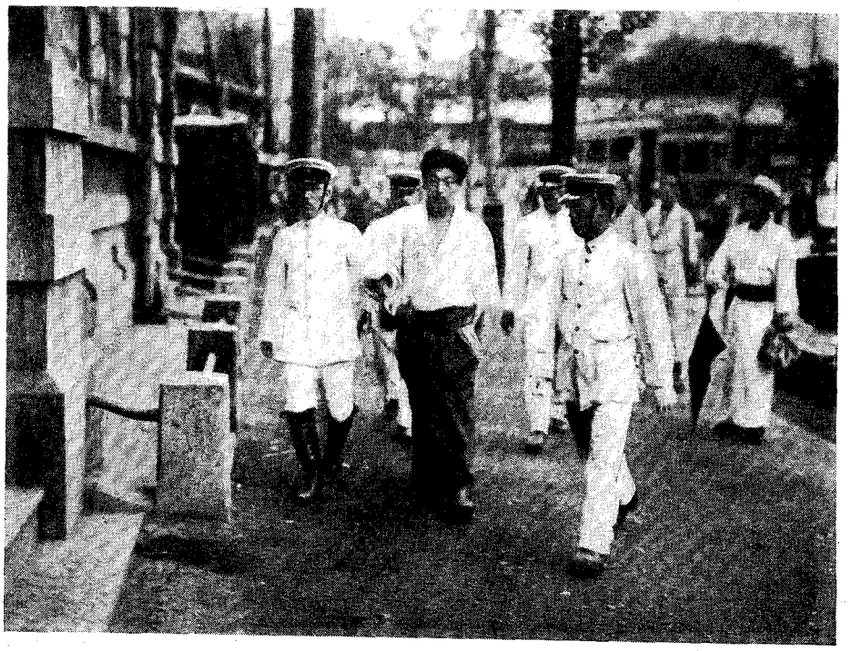
Convinced that candidates seek election only to fill their pockets, shoals of voters accept participation in the general corruption by selling their votes, thus setting up a vicious circle. The politician has to buy his election. To reimburse himself, he must graft, and must graft not only enough to pay the cost of the election that put him in a position to graft, but to pay for the cost of the next election as well.

Miniature Teapot Dome scandals form a serial story running through the history of the Diet.

In 1933, sixty-one-year-old Baron Nakajima, former Minister of Communications,

Kinnosuke Adachi

Election day in Japan . . . voting-tables line the streets, streamers scream names of candidates



Kinnosuke Adachi

Japanese police nab an election miscreant . . . polls swarm with cheaters

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was convicted by the Department of Justice (non-political) of taking a $3,000 bribe and 300 shares (for sale at immense profit) of an artificial silk company. Former Minister of Finance Chuzo Mitchuchi was convicted of perjury for denying knowledge of Nakajima's misdeeds.

Only last year, sixty-seven-year-old former Railway Minister Heikichi Ogawa was sentenced to two years at hard labor and a $64,000 fine for taking bribes from the Osaka Electric Railway Company. Two years and a $32,000 fine were the sentence of another former Diet Member, sixty-three-year-old Toshifumi Kasuga, in the same deal. Sentenced to four months at hard labor were seventy-three-year-old Member of the House of Peers Seizo Ota, fifty-eight-year-old Diet Member Hidegoro Isaka, sixty-six-year-old Diet Member Momoza Nagata.

Also fined and imprisoned were directors of the traction company which dealt out the bribes.

Chicanery—Millions of Japanese have become convinced that "politician" merely is a synonym for "crook." Almost axiomatic in the popular mind is the belief that no one not conspicuously poor in worldly goods can be a true patriot, that possession of wealth is a certificate of corruption.

Contemptuous tho the masses are of politics and politicians, they show no readiness for European forms of dictatorship. So near to deification is the Emperor that no popular leader could expect support for such subordination of the monarchy as that of the House of Savoy in Italy. Blown into limbo by the merest hint of disapproval from the Imperial Palace would be any undeified Japanese who attempted personal Government.

But to a benevolent oligarchy named by the Emperor and his advisers, Nippon's citizenry would accord genuine devotion. An elected Parliament they regard as a not very necessary evil.

PINK TEA: Eleven Candles and Cake for Britain's Elizabeth; "Uncle David" Doesn't Forget

The Union Jack streamed from every public building in Britain last Wednesday, for Princess Elizabeth, heir to the world's mightiest Throne, was eleven.

Crowds strolled up to Windsor Castle to see the fair-haired child and her six-year-old sister, Princess Margaret Rose, both in pink frocks, run out to take the salute at the changing of the guard. Millions more read of her presents—a new white pony, Snowball, from the King; a saddle and gold-tipped crop from her mother; doll furniture from the Queen-Mother; and a gray handbag with silver fittings from her sister. "Uncle David," whose abdication put her in line for the Throne, sent from Vienna a tennis-racket and a gold wrist-watch.

But even little Princesses have disappointments on their birthdays and the camera for which she has clamored all year was not among her presents.

Party—In the afternoon, she served tea to her family and cut a huge pink-and-white birthday cake. In the evening, there was a *Mickey Mouse* movie—favorite of King George as well as the children—which lasted half an hour past bedtime.

Living at the Castle and Buckingham Palace has brought no change to the girls' routine. Like the old room at 145 Piccadilly, the new bedroom is painted with Elizabeth's favorite primrose. They swim at the exclusive West-End Bath Club which numbers among its members former King Edward and their mother. Princess Elizabeth canters in the Row on that other white pony, Peggy, which recently was shipped to town from Windsor. They appear at concerts and children's music in London enjoys a boom.

Lessons, under the Scottish Marion Crawford, take up most of their time. Struggling over arithmetic and shining in French, German and Latin, the elder girl recently has added constitutional law to her schedule. There also is a "lesson game," invented by the King, which takes her through the Empire on the trail of simplified news-items.

The child often studies standing up,

Pictures, Inc.

Princess Elizabeth, Britain's fair-haired child

to drill her for long public appearances. Her most important ordeal will come on May 12 when, seated beside Queen Mary, she will be the first female Heir Presumptive in history to see her parents crowned—in a long and tiring ceremony.

Already a long room in the Palace has been marked off with aisles, turns and chairs, where, like her father and mother, she can practise her part for the great day. On her own initiative, she perched a heavy curtain-ring on her wavy golden hair to prepare for wearing a coronet. She will dress like a miniature peeress, with a high-waisted childish white dress under a scarlet velvet kirtle, ermine cowl and abbreviated train. Jewelers are making the simple little coronet she will wear.

News Review points out that, for all her privileges, Princess Elizabeth remains a very human youngster. "When romping with her cousins, Lord Lascelles and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles (sons of her father's sister, the Princess Royal)," the London weekly says, "she is a merry little tomboy, game for any proposed mischief, much more inventive than either of the boys in thinking out new and vigorous games." Young Viscount Lascelles once admitted: "Elizabeth likes Gerald better than me, because he lets her pull his hair."

Younger—"She enjoys playing mother," the magazine continues. "Friends of the Royal Family say that she shows rare affection for her small sister, is always ready with excuses to save the younger girl bewilderment and carefully watches over her on public occasions."

No less carefully do the Duke of Windsor's London solicitors watch over the exile. Last week, the United Press reported that they had demanded of William Heinemann, Ltd., publishers of "Coronation Commentary," by Geoffrey Dennis, a withdrawal of the book and a "suitable apology" to the Duke.

Sample of what irked Wallis Warfield Simpson's fiance:

". . . Until his marriage was mooted, they had no notion how to get rid of him. She whom they pretended was disaster was in fact a godsend."

EGYPT'S BOGY: Foreign Courts in Land of Pharaohs Fetter Pride of Resurgent Nation

A burly Irishman laughed broadly in a fashionable Kasr-el-Nil café, last week, as he read Cairo's *Egyptian Mail* under a balmy, sunlit sky.

"Soon we shall not need these . . . mosquito-curtains," he chuckled, "for the sons of Pharaoh will be free to wipe out the pest we have protected."

A newcomer in Egypt, his friend raised his eyebrows.

"You see, when the capitulations are ended," the Irishman explained, gulping his peg of whisky-soda, "the *chawish* native police can enter foreigners' gardens freely and force us to destroy mosquito-larvae. Think of it! Under the capitulations, we Europeans have been shielding the mosquito about which we always complain!"

A happy, strange blend of past and present, East and West, the Nile Valley has bridged centuries languishing under foreign rule. Before the World War, it gave birth to a great patriot, Mustafa Kemal Pasha, who preached independence and hatred of alien domination. Then came the fiery peasant leader, Said Pasha Zaghloul, who defied England and suffered exile, while his countrymen rallied to his Wafd (Nationalist) Party.

Chain-Breaking — Last week, modern, fezzed, would-be Pharaohs made history as they sat with delegates from twelve European nations in Swiss Montreux. Headed by their portly, genial Premier, Mustafa El-Nahas Pasha, they began the weary negotiations to sever the shackles which hamstring their sovereign pride.

When, last August, Britain signed a treaty giving Egypt complete independence, with it went the promise that London would help end the capitulations—extraterritorial rights exempting foreigners from Egyptian law.

Capitulations proved the bugbear of Egypt's Wafdists, who denounced them as imperialism's tools. They forgot, however, that they originally constituted letters of privilege graciously accorded to

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Europeans by the Grand Turk, Solyman "The Magnificent," in a treaty he signed with Francis I of France in 1535. Mighty and feared by European Powers, the Ottoman Sultan meant to segregate European traders from his Moslem subjects, who begrudged extending the Koranic code to the foreign infidels.

Later, capitulations were enforced in Egypt, which was governed by a Khedive under Ottoman hegemony. When, in 1914, Egypt broke loose from Turkish official dependence, England refused to abolish these extraterritorial rights, tho almost every one of her High Commissioners deemed them unfavorable. The War over, Turkey and all her former possessions—Syria, Palestine, Irak—revoked the capitulations and brought foreigners under their own laws. Egypt remained the exception.

Rights—Under the capitulatory system, Christian nations were exempted from paying taxes without the unanimous consent of their representatives in Egypt; their subjects were tried in consular courts; their homes could not be searched unless their consuls authorized it; their freedom of worship was guaranteed and their imports were subjected to not more than 10 per cent. customs duties.

Until the War, fifteen nations enjoyed these rights—Britain, France, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, the United States, Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary.

After Versailles, Austria and Germany lost their capitulatory rights. Russia generously gave them up following the Bolshevik coup.

By 1830, even the United States had joined the capitulatory caravan, tho even then the Egyptian Government was complaining about the complications which the system brought about. Meanwhile, Britain occupied Egypt and the Khedive became a mere figurehead, paying lip-service to Turkey. Egypt could conclude commercial treaties, but had no diplomatic representatives abroad. To remedy this situation, Egypt's then Premier, Nubar Pasha, had arranged treaties under which foreign Powers surrendered some of their judicial rights and a new court-system was set up (1876).

Judges—This system gave birth to the so-called Tribunals of Appeals in Alexandria, which consist of seventeen judges, eleven of whom must be foreigners; the Mixed Courts of First Instance, something like the district courts in the United States, made up of one native and two foreign judges; and summary courts to handle disputes over small sums, administered by a foreign judge.

While theoretically the Egyptian Government appoints these judges, actually they must be approved by their own Government.

At present, thirteen of the nineteen Mixed Tribunal judges at Alexandria are foreigners, as are sixteen of Cairo's twenty-four and six of the nine judges at Mansurah. These courts, moreover, have the right of executive review, can invalidate any law taxing foreign nationals directly and any decrees they deem discriminatory. The courts may outlaw such laws even before they are enacted. The Egyptian Government only may impose a direct tax with the unanimous consent of the twelve Powers represented, altho, now, foreign nationals pay indirect taxes, in addition to direct taxes on property, and *ghaffir*, which are direct levies for watchmen's service in guarding property.

Consular courts exercise jurisdiction over all criminal matters affecting their nationals, while the Mixed Tribunals handle civil litigation between foreigners, or where one of the contestants is a foreigner and the other a native. Consular courts also administer all matters of personal status—marriage, divorce, inheritance, guardianship — for approximately 250,000 foreign residents in Egypt.

Policy—The four principal American judges in Egypt are Jasper Y. Brinton, Julian Wright, Benjamin H. Connor and Robert L. Henry, who have to wear the *fez* on the bench. Their salaries range between $9,000 and $12,000, or about $3,000 a year higher than those of their Egyptian colleagues.

At Montreux the United States is represented by Bert Fish, United States Minister to Egypt. Said Fish:

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Nahas Pasha relaxes on his balcony at Montreux between sessions of Capitulations Conference

"The policy of the good neighbor, which the United States President announced, would, in itself, have disposed my Government to regard most sympathetically the announced purpose of the Royal Egyptian Government."

SPANISH SHAKE-UPS:

Loyalists Clip Miaja's Wings and Franco Tightens Grip on Rebels

Almost ten months of internecine fighting have failed to give a definite indication as to the probable victors in Spain's civil war. Neither international pressure nor the futility of the wholesale wreckage of ancient landmarks, the almost unprecedented loss of life, property and economic resources have convinced either Loyalists or Insurgents that they should iron out their differences through other than sanguinary methods.

Last week the Loyalist Government of Valencia, just as intent on fighting out its national issues to the last ditch as the Burgos régime of Gen. Francisco Franco, seemed less assailed by war worries as it turned its thoughts to further house-cleaning. Under the crusading leadership of its Radical Socialist Premier Francisco Largo Caballero, Valencia announced that hundreds of squabbling Syndico-Anarchists had been safely locked in jail. At the same time, the Government disclosed that the Communists had proved themselves easily the most loyal, most cooperative of all political elements.

Conscription Eased—Tho frankly acknowledging the Communists' "steadying, law-abiding influence," the Largo Caballero Cabinet still shuns their pet policy of conscripting every man for the front and all women to run home industries. Tightening its grip on all political parties, the Loyalist Government finally managed to disarm all non-combatants, turning their weapons over to the troops.

In line with this policy, Premier Largo Caballero ordered elderly, bespectacled Gen. José Miaja, "savior of Madrid," to turn over the administration of the beleaguered city to a body of thirty-two civilians under the leadership of forty-five-year-old Rafael Henches de la Plata, one-time head of the bakers' union and for more than two decades an ardent socialist reformer.

Known as the Municipal Council, it consists of a Socialist-Communist coalition of the Popular Front Government, whose electorate was responsible for the existence of the present Republican Government of Spain at the February balloting of 1936.

Dictator Franco—In contrast with the coalition tactics of Valencia, Generalissimo Franco a few days before had reiterated his determination of establishing an authoritarian State after the model of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. To effect his purpose, he outlawed all other political parties, constituted himself dictator over his militaristic organization and specifically banned the Renovacíon Española of the Bourbon Royalists and the Accíon Populaire of José Maria Gil Robles.

The new Insurgent organization is to be henceforth known as the Spanish Phalanx of Traditionalists and Offensive National Syndicalist Juntas.

Both sides sternly objected to the international blockade of four Powers—Britain, France, Italy and Germany—which went into force early last week. Valencia scored it as an abridgment of its sovereign rights, while the Insurgents denounced the action of the British Navy, which patrols the Bay of Biscay coast, in preventing Rebel warships from shooing at least four English freighters off the famished port of Bilbao.

Bilbao's Basque population joyously welcomed the provision-loaded ships which ran the blockade and, shielded by Loyalist patrols and coast-batteries, steamed into harbor with their cargoes.

All but encircled by Fascist troops, the Bilbao sector was subjected to violent air and land bombings by Insurgent troops, whose immediate objective was near-by Durango. Loyalists claimed that as many as sixty Insurgent bombers, mostly bi-motored Junkers 86's and Heinkel 111's, were participating in the bloody air-raids, with Germans as pilots.

Once more Madrid was bombed, this

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time mostly by siege-guns from Mt. Garabitas and Mt. Aguila in the Casa de Campo sector across the Manzanares River, west of Madrid. For almost a fortnight the din and crash of Insurgent artillery drove thousands of Madrilenos to subway and cellar shelters, while scores were injured and almost 300 killed.

Despite the resumption of Insurgent bombardment, General Miaja felt so confident that he broadcast an ultimatum to Rebels trapped in University City to lay down their guns or be slaughtered. Still defiant, Rebels unleashed their heaviest cannonading since the siege of Madrid began five months ago. This time they even made use of antiaircraft artillery, which they adapted to siege-work, and blasted the city mercilessly.

Noticeable, however, was the absence of Insurgent bombing-planes, for they feared the faster Loyalist *Chatos* held ready to pounce upon them.

Loyalists March On—On the whole, Loyalists continued their success both on the sectors south and northeast of Madrid. On the Guadalajara front, they claimed the capture of various trenches and a threatening move to extend their line past Navalperal and del Marques, while 125 miles eastward the "People's Army" boasted the acquisition of another mile of precious territory from the Rebels.

"At present most of the war here is being waged behind the lines," cabled Richard Mowrer, correspondent of *The Chicago Daily News,* from Andujar (southern Spain). "The Fascists have adopted tactics of concentrating their whole air-force on one or two fronts. They are carrying out extensive bombing raids. . . . The people of Andujar and neighboring villages are still packing up and moving away. It is a usual sight now to see whole families leaving their homes at dusk to sleep out in the fields."

WILD OATS: Blum's Youthful Soliloquy on Marriage Returns to Haunt Premier as France Chortles

Last week, the exuberant youth of France's sixty-five-year-old erudite, spectacled, professorial—and, incidentally, flat-footed—Premier Léon Blum returned to plague him. It capered impudently in front of him through the marble corridors of the Chamber of Deputies, screeched with laughter from the red plush visitors' balconies and even whooped at him from across the English Channel.

Blushing with embarrassment, he told tormentors that he wished he never had been an author, that at any rate his views had changed since he wrote at thirty-five.

The occasion for his confusion, a forgotten book, "Du Mariage," selling scarcely a dozen copies a year since he published it in 1907, suddenly had become a popular success, had run through twenty rush editions in France and, worse, in translation was selling like wild-fire and making a *succès de scandale* in staid old England.

Thirty years ago, when he was a gay blade doing witty dramatic criticisms for Paris literary weeklies, fighting at least one duel—with Pierre Veber, another critic—and astounding his associates by reciting the poets two hours at a stretch from memory, Blum never suspected that one day he would be Chief of State.

Had he foreseen his present destiny he would have written "Du Mariage" very differently, or not at all.

Classier—Could he control the vagaries of the reading public's interest now he would focus it upon his excellent critical work on Stendhal or upon another work of his youth — "New Conversations Between Goethe and Eckermann." Or, in view of the huge vogue in Germany of "Mein Kampf" (in Germany alone: 220 editions, 2,000,000 copies), ferocious call to war by his fellow Chief of State Adolf Hitler, Premier Blum, for purposes of contrast, would love to have a book-shop run on his own post-War opus, "Problems of the Peace," in which he advocated a far more liberal settlement with Germany—pre-Hitler Germany—than that of Versailles.

Peace and long-buried authors have little "reader-interest" in 1937; and "Mariage," as the Blum of thirty years ago treats it, is a very lively one.

Pictures, Inc.

Léon Blum and wife . . . the Premier is embarrassed by a spicy book he wrote in youth

If tossed into the life of a Stanley Baldwin, a Franklin D. Roosevelt, or any other British or American politician, such a book as "Du Mariage" could ruin a career. So different is the French outlook on such matters that tho the revival of the work embarrasses its author, it provokes only smiles among its readers. Even M. Blum's political enemies realize that it is vain to attempt exploiting it as a weapon against him.

"Sow as many wild oats as possible while young," says the Blum of 1907. "Men and women are by nature polygamous; and only in the later phases of their development do they become sentimental and incline to monogamy."

Self-Taught—Follows a first-person account of just how the young man followed his own advice.

To the staid, graying, happily married statesman of sixty-five with a daughter well along in a successful career in the law, it is most confusing to have all Paris chuckling over detailed narratives of his youthful conquests.

Most embarrassing of all, perhaps, is the witty recital of a chance acquaintance with a charming young woman who said she had to wait two hours for a train.

Play-by-play the young Blum describes a rapid-fire courtship and its sequel, and his subsequent discovery that the young woman was the wife of an old college classmate.

Rules—In a code for happy marriage he wrote:

1.—*Do not marry for love; it doesn't last.*
2.—Best age for marriage is, for women, thirty, for men, thirty-five.
3.—Reciprocal love never lasts forever, so do not love your wife too much.
4.—Marriages negotiated in banks or law offices (marriages by contract) are worthless because they are based on equality of wealth or social status, rather than common interests.
5.—Marriages between girls of twenty and men twice their age (commoner in France than here) are deplorable, because the men are too experienced for fledgling wives.
6.—Men should sow their wild oats while young, otherwise marriage will pall upon them.
7.—If one must choose between love-affairs before marriage and love-affairs after marriage, the former are less dangerous and less destructive of human happiness.
8.—A happy marriage—there is no such thing as a perfect marriage—is one which makes living together possible and pleasant.
9.—Base plans for happiness on verified knowledge of compatibility.

To friends twitting him about his belated literary success, Premier Blum said that many of his views on marriage had changed and added sheepishly that he regretted his youthful excursion into belles-lettres, that he would prefer to have his literary career forgotten.

The book is dedicated to his first wife, now dead.

The present Madame Blum, his former secretary, gets credit for much of his political success. An alert, smartly dressed, horn-spectacled little woman, she laughed at her husband's blushes.

FOREIGN FLASHES

Monte Carlo, Monaco—This 370-acre Principality has turned the corner. After a series of dark years in which, because of deficits, the world-famous gambling casino failed to finance the Government from the profits of roulette, baccarat and *chemin de fer,* the board of directors has announced a profit of $100,000. The preceding year, the deficit was $180,000.

* * *

Calcutta, India—Because of the lack of a single Indian language, the oldest of India's sixteen State-recognized universities, that of Calcutta, lets students take their matriculation examinations in any one of the following twenty-two vernaculars: Portuguese, Bengali, Hindi, Urdu, Uriya, Assamese, Nepalese, Maithili, Burmese, Telugu, Singhalese, Tamil, Malayalam, Kanarese, Gujarati, Mahrati, Manipuri, Modern Tibetan, Khasi, Garo, Lushei and Modern Armenian.

* * *

Soochow, China—To create "war-consciousness," the Nanking Government (Chiang Kai-shek) has caused the bright red, green and blue tiled roofs and whitewashed walls of this "China's Venice" to be camouflaged a dull grayish black against theoretical Japanese air-raids. Patriotism is at white heat. Military toys cram the shops. Soochow Boy Scouts are busy with military drill. The press roars with war-propaganda.

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CUBA, HEALTH-INSURANCE TEST-TUBE

Doctors Dislike Mutual-Benefit Societies, Run Own Clinics

Last week, after spirited debate, the New York State Assembly passed the Fite Bill, which entitles every mother, married or unmarried, citizen or alien, to claim a contribution of $75 from the State toward the expense of childbirth. (See National Affairs.) Passage of the measure by the Senate is problematical, but the Bill serves as a straw in the wind blown up by the recent survey of American medicine by the American Foundation,* indicates that the reexamination of problems involved in distributing medical care is reaching the stage of legislative ferment.

As a phase of social-security agitation, discussion of the relationship between patient and physician usually revolves around the compulsory health-insurance laws of European countries. Conflicting conclusions are drawn from European experience. Less well-known is the system of cooperative medicine which has been operating in Cuba for fifty years.

The tight little isle in the Gulf, just a plane's-throw off the Florida Keys, constitutes a medical microcosm which reveals the evolution of medical care along lines of national necessity. Since a weighty section of medical opinion in this country believes that medicine should not be confined by social legislation, but should follow a process of natural evolution, the Cuban experience is worthy of examination as a novel case-history of the course evolution sometimes pursues.

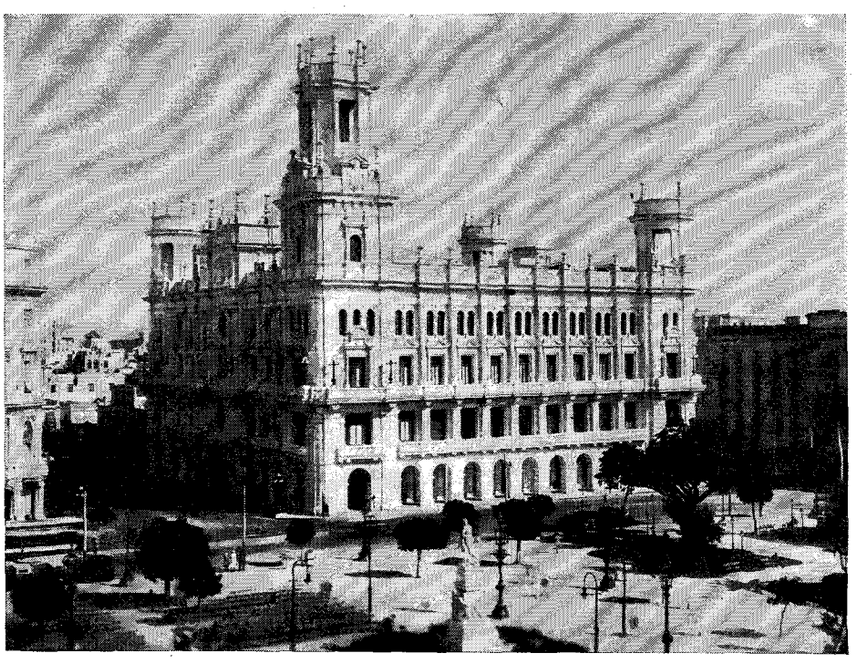
Action—With a Latin leaning toward direct action, Cuban patients and physicians have fought out their problems in a manner without the remotest American parallel. Drama reached a high pitch which included such startling exhibitions as a march of 50,000 citizens on the Capital, a walk-out of doctors, the kidnaping of surgeons by frantic relatives who forced them to perform operations at the point of a gun. The situation still seethes and simmers, but overt expression is restrained by the powerful Col. Fulgencio Batista.

Spanish immigrants flocking to the new and unexploited land of Cuba in the years between 1880 and 1898 were for the most part clerks, laborers, waiters, financially submerged in a strange country with only the most primitive educational and medical facilities. Unable to pay for doctors or hospitals, the people found sickness an overwhelming catastrophe. To meet this situation, colonials hailing from the same provincial regions of Spain formed mutual-benefit societies.

Originally, these organizations used their funds merely to buy club-houses and to send their members to hospitals when they fell ill.

Big three of the mutual-benefit societies are the *Centro Gallego*, oldest of them all, founded by Galicians in 1879; the *Centro Asturiano*, founded in 1886; and the *Associacion de Dependientes del Commercio* (Association of Commercial Employees), organized in 1880 and one of the first to throw its doors open to native Cubans and foreign residents. In addition to these there are a half-dozen smaller regional societies, some twenty-five native Cuban organizations patterned on the same model.

To-day these mutual-benefit societies provide much more than medical care. They offer the facilities of a social club, run employment bureaus, give legal advice, have established schools and libraries.* But, most important, they have built some of the largest and best equipped hospital-centers, or *quintas*. These are small cities in themselves, which may have from one to thirty pavilions, each dedicated to a special branch of medicine. *Quinta Covadonga*, which belongs to the Asturian Center, has thirty pavilions which include a nurses' training-school, interns' residence-hall, a chapel, carpentry shop, pharmacy, workshop to make uniforms, gowns, linens.



Centro Asturiano . . . to-day's headquarters for a Cuban mutual-benefit society that provides hospitalization and medical care for all members

Centro Gallego spent $2,000,000 in 1915 erecting an administration building facing the *Parque Central* in the heart of Havana. Across the park, *Centro Asturiano* has a Spanish baroque structure rivaling the Cuban Presidential Palace in architectural swank. The Association of Commercial Employees also has spacious headquarters in Havana equipped with gymnasium, schoolroom, library and ballroom.

Whence comes this financial potency? The $2 monthly fee of members provides the funds. For this, members are entitled to more than medical care: After twenty-five years, a member can enter the old-age home maintained by most of the societies and be taken care of for the rest of his life. Often, burial expenses are defrayed. Patients requiring a change of climate are entitled to third-class passage to any destination a doctor may deem beneficial and $700 in cash. Members may use game-rooms, libraries, attend social functions, send their children to society schools. For minor ailments, a member can obtain free medicine when prescribed by a staff doctor.

A typical example of what the member gets for his $2 a month dues is seen in the case of an appendicitis operation. A non-member requiring such an operation at one of the *quintas* would pay a minimum fee of $170, budgeted about as follows: Hospital room for seven days, $35; operation, $100; operating-room, $10; food, $10; nurse, $15—total, $170.

This all comes to the member by virtue of his nominal monthly payment. Many members could not possibly meet such a lump-sum payment as $170; other members, more healthy or wealthy, never demand benefit privileges—a large percentage of well-to-do members pay their contributions year after year, but call a private doctor when they fall ill.

Most Cuban mutual-benefit societies admit any one not more than fifty years of age, not suffering from an incurable disease, not a Negro or Chinese. Until five years ago, women, more likely to require medical attention, were not admitted by most societies; now several associations exclusively for women exist. The Chinese, of whom there are some 25,000 in Cuba, have their own societies such as the Kow Kong Association, but Negroes, comprising 27 per cent. of the population of the island, must rely on public hospitals for medical care.

Not solely dependent on application of the insurance principle, the democratic managers of the societies are financially canny, augment association funds by commercial enterprise. Funds are carefully invested. *Centro Gallego* runs a savings-bank, owns and operates one of the largest theaters in Havana. Barber shops, cigar stores and restaurant concessions in club-buildings bring in rental fees. Industries buy accident insurance for employees from the societies.

Yet, there are several darkening clouds

*See "Medical Care, Economics Debated," LITERARY DIGEST, April 10.

*Public schools have been closed in Cuba for the last seven years because of political unrest. Mutual-benefit societies have performed an important service in educating children of the poorer classes whose parents can not afford private schools. Primary education, day and night classes for adults, courses in typewriting, accounting, music, art, sewing, *etc.*, are provided.

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on the financial and political horizons. Membership has been curtailed by the depression. Some smaller societies (such as *La Associacion Canaria*, whose membership dropped from 40,000 to 3,000) are in bankruptcy.* The larger associations have carried on their work, however, more or less as usual. Last year, the Association of Commercial Employees, with a membership of 25,255, conducted 1,094 operations (with only sixteen deaths); made 12,446 visits to patients' homes; gave 295,460 consultations at the *quinta;* took care of 5,195 hospital cases.

Principal hazards of the mutual-benefit societies are hostile propaganda and doctors' strikes. During the past decade, growing opposition to the societies has arisen within the medical profession; physicians view the benefit associations as an economic threat. In 1934, the population of Cuba was 3,420,184. At that time there were 1,342 physicians, or one doctor for every 2,550 inhabitants. But 1,200 of these were located in Havana, a city whose population is 592,500, so the Capital had one doctor for every 494 persons. There is plenty of medical work to be done in Cuba, but chiefly among people who can not pay for it. Cuba has more physicians than it can support.

Attributing their economic plight to the existence of the *quintas,* physicians maintain that the societies have wrecked profitable private practise, giving medical service for $24 a year to patients well able to pay the fees of a private practitioner.**

One to Forty—*Quintas* are required by law to have at least one doctor for each forty patients. Average staff of doctors in the larger *quintas* is about fifty, working on a part-time basis, two or three hours a day, three or four days a week. The rest of their time is available for private practise. *Quinta Covadonga* of *Centro Asturiano* has a staff of 350, with the following monthly pay scale:

Director of the *quinta,* $420; resident doctors, $105; laboratory head, $157; bacteriologist, $62.50; chief doctor of each pavilion, $157.50; pharmacist, $132.50; nurses, $56.45; nose-and-throat specialist, $157.50; visiting doctors, $137.50; chiropodist, $69.30. The standard of living in Cuba has fallen considerably in recent years and these figures must be considered in the light of the fact that the middle-class white-collar worker earns about $600 a year, lives comfortably on it; those in well-to-do circumstances manage nicely with incomes of $1,000 to $2,000 a year. Food and rents are extremely low.

First inkling that pressure was getting too great for the safety-valve came in 1926. Doctors, bent on fighting the mutual-benefit societies, formed the Medical Federation of Cuba, demanded that the societies be limited to lower-income groups—single men with incomes of less than $1,000, married men earning less than $1,500. The societies resisted, maintaining that their greatest source of income were wealthier members who paid, but rarely used, *quintas.*

Pictures, Inc.

During a period of unrest 50,000 Cubans protested against Government opposition to the mutual-benefit societies

Flop—A strike was called against *Centro Gallego* in 1926, lasted thirty-three weeks, left a tense situation which cracked in August, 1932, when the Medical Federation issued an ultimatum: All physicians would be withdrawn from the staffs of mutual-benefit society hospitals unless all members capable of paying for medical services were dropped. Five hundred doctors walked out, spurned mediation efforts of the Machado Government, expelled 100 physicians who disapproved of the strike, left 2,440 hospital patients without medical attention. Public opinion rallied against the doctors and their strike flopped.

In 1933, the deep-rooted wound suppurated again. Cuba was torn with disorder, communist agitation; *quintas* were losing membership because strict national labor laws, favoring native Cubans, were driving their Spanish members back to Spain in droves. Again the Medical Federation threatened a general strike. This time, the mutual-benefit societies beat the doctors to the draw. Fifty thousand society supporters paraded to the Presidential Palace on September 27, 1933, stood in a drizzle and gave mannerly protest against President Ramon Grau San Martin's decree requiring all physicians to join the new Medical College of Cuba.

The crowd had its way when the decree was suspended on October 2, but an ugly situation developed in January, 1934, when the closing of all the Spanish mutual-benefit societies seemed imminent. The society presidents had recommended such action to their boards unless the Government restored the right to practise to those sympathizers of the associations who had been expelled from the National Medical College.

Chaos—Promptly, the doctors called a general strike on January 19. In an amazing demonstration, doctors, nurses, interns and hospital employees, some 25,000 in number, walked out all over the island. Critically ill patients were abandoned, equipment was destroyed, general panic ensued. Relatives and friends flocked to hospitals to care for suffering and dying patients. Surgeons were kidnaped at gun's point by frantic husbands and fathers, forced to attend patients. The Army occupied the hospitals and strike-breaking physicians, nagged on by the shade of *Esculapius,* risked their lives to save as many patients as they could. Reaction of the public was direct, primitive; doctors were bitterly condemned as bent on destroying the societies for selfish motives, forcing the public to pay exorbitant medical fees. The doctors were supported by the Cuban Conference of Labor, the island's most radical union, by Leftist students, by the faculty of the University of Havana, which resigned in sympathy with the physicians.

Disorder continued; health-officers inspecting the hospitals were attacked despite heavy military guard. For three days embattled doctors and public fought lustily until the Army stepped in and forced order. On February 17, President Mendieta dissolved the National Medical College, which had called the strike.

Since then there have been no outbursts, chiefly because Colonel Batista will not tolerate public disorder. The doctors have started fighting fire with fire, have established *quintas* of their own. Some two dozen have sprung up within the past two years, patterned after the mutual-benefit societies, but operated by doctors as commercial enterprises.

*Predepression membership figures were as follows: *Centro Gallego,* 64,000; *Centro Asturiano,* 60,000; Association of Commercial Employees, 52,000. Total number of societies runs well over forty. At its peak period, half the population of Cuba belonged to one of the mutual-benefit societies.

**The Medical Federation holds that 25 per cent. of the membership of mutual-benefit societies could pay for medical care; the societies put the figure at 10 per cent.

SPRING FEVER: Sulfur and Molasses to Cure Young Man's Fancy Gives Way to Clinical Study

The sulfur season for sluggards has arrived. This is the time of year when Grandmother used to get out her sulfur and molasses and prepare a brimstone broth to cure that seasonal malady, spring fever. Perhaps she preferred sarsaparilla, also highly esteemed as a spring tonic. But one or the other was standard therapy. If winter comes, sulfur and sarsaparilla can not be very far behind.

Some skeptics contend that spring fever

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is purely a state of mind brought on by the baseball season. But more and more doctors are swinging around to the belief that it actually is a physical condition. Laboratory workers have studied pigeons and rats, examined vital statistics and decided that man has a definite seasonal endocrine rhythm, which is their way of saying that we feel differently with the seasons.

There is nothing feverish about spring fever. It submits to no test by a clinical thermometer. Sufferers are detected by such overt symptoms as the yawn, the dawdle and the lack-luster eye. Any public park this week will yield its quota of victims of the vernal virus. Diagnosis of spring fever is confirmed by certain subjective manifestations: A desire to be where one is not, preferably on a South Seas isle; a wish to possess $1,000,000; repetitious day-dreams having to do with giving the boss a harsh laugh and walking out cold despite his pitiful protests.

Horse Sense—According to one school of physicians, spring fever is a simple problem which is more common sense than medical. During winter, most people are working under high pressure, without much relaxation. Hours of daylight are few, dark nights are long and there isn't much stimulating sunshine. Because of cold weather, people are discouraged from getting enough fresh air and outdoor exercise. *Ergo,* when spring comes, a reaction sets in, bringing "that tired feeling" and complete indifference as to whether school keeps or not.

The remedy? Get out into the fresh air, absorb sunshine, get plenty of exercise and increase the consumption of such vitamin-charged foods as fresh vegetables and fruit. A spring let-down probably never will plague any one who follows this formula through the winter. Lack of sunshine often can be compensated for by use of fish-liver oils and other dietary substitutes which provide the sunshine vitamin D.

The theory used to be that the blood needed to be "purified" by a tonic after winter's semihibernation. Sarsaparilla was an Indian herb reputed to possess mystic qualities. Usually a dash of potassium iodid was added to it, causing a skin irritation culminating in pimply eruptions. In those days, pimples were thought to be impurities popping out through the skin. Sulfur was esteemed highly for magical qualities carrying over from the superstitions of the ancient alchemists.

Research—All this spring-fever folk-lore was beguilingly simple until scientists began to wonder if there could be some fire where there was so much smoke. A few scattered workers began to turn in some striking physiological reports.

Dr. Oscar Riddle, noted geneticist of the Carnegie Institution, made a comprehensive study of the endocrine glands of pigeons—ductless glands which pour minute quantities of chemicals into the blood, thus regulating the functioning of the body. He found that each gland has a definite cycle. At one season of the year, certain glands enlarge; at other seasons they diminish. Not all the glands follow the same cycle, but each has a definite seasonal rhythm.

Independently, Dr. Wade H. Brown, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, arrived at somewhat the same conclusions. Working with rats and rabbits in the dissecting laboratory, he discovered that the march of the seasons brought about chemical and physical changes within the body. The changes in size and relationship of vital organs run strikingly parallel to sunshine and weather conditions, he concluded.

Keystone

Spring fever: seasonal sufferers succumb to lackadaisical manifestations of the "vernal virus"

Fancies—Thus far, no similar experiments have been conducted on human beings, but there seems little scientific reason to doubt that the same conclusions would hold good. It is possible to draw valid endocrine inferences from the behavior patterns of human beings and both poetry and science are pretty well agreed that when a young man's fancy starts turning, spring has come.

Weather affects people by bringing about changes in blood-pressure, muscular tension and the state of tissues throughout the body. Part of the body's function is to make use of its equipment for adjusting itself to fluctuating weather extremes and this brings about a seasonal rhythm for the race. This field of investigation is not well explored. Recently, Dr. William F. Petersen, of the University of Illinois College of Medicine, used these facts to explain why more geniuses are conceived in the spring of the year: Turbulent climatic conditions characteristic of spring weather tend to upset the mother's glandular system, producing abnormal individuals in the direction of genius or insanity.

Leader—Perhaps the leading researcher in the effects of weather on health is Dr. Clarence A. Mills, Heady Professor of Experimental Medicine at the University of Cincinnati. His findings can be interpreted as indicating that the spring-fever sufferer merely may be responding to a mild climatic urge which in more severe manifestations can condition people to such glandular diseases as diabetes, pernicious anemia and toxic goiter.

"Scientific evidence accumulated in recent years indicates that man responds to his climatic environment in no uncertain manner," says Doctor Mills. "His energy level and vitality, his inventiveness and ingenuity, his progressiveness and ability to accomplish, all seem to depend largely on the degree of climatic stimulation to which he is subjected."

SCIENCE SNAPS

Immune Imbibers—Alcoholics commonly suffer from fatty livers. Dr. J. L. Bollman, Dr. Eunice Flock and Dr. F. C. Mann of the Mayo Foundation now come forth with the suggestion that heavy imbibers consume cheese sandwiches, meat and potatoes along with their alcoholic drinks. Or better yet, eat dextrose, the sugar used in baby foods. The doctors' experiments with dog livers indicate that carbohydrate and protein foods taken with the tipple protect against fatty degeneration of the liver.

* * *

He-Man's Hemoglobin—Husky supermen of the athletic field aren't any more "red-blooded" than their cloistered brothers, it appears from the researches of Dr. David B. Dill of the Harvard Fatigue Laboratory. Hemoglobin, the crimson coloring matter of the blood used for transporting oxygen, is just as red and just as concentrated in the arteries of the shoe-clerk as in the half-back. But after thirty, the athlete's lungs resist the slowing-down effects of age much more efficiently.

* * *

Shades of Icarus—With a record of failures in the art dating from the time of Leonardo Da Vinci, the undismayed Polytechnic Society of Frankfort is again offering a 9,500-mark prize for an air-plane that will fly at least 1,500 feet propelled solely by the pilot's muscles. Rubber-bands and flapping wing-attachments are permissible.

* * *

Baffled Burglar—Things are constantly getting tougher for the journeyman housebreaker. General Electric scientists have perfected a photoelectric gadget operated by invisible infra-red rays that are bounced back and forth across a room by multiple mirrors. The burglar can't see them, and can't move without intercepting a ray or two. About all he can do is stand pensively in the center of the room while the device clears a telephone line to the local police-station and calls a cop by means of a phonograph record.

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"A STAR IS BORN," AND IN COLOR, TOO

Hollywood Tells Story of Great Names Won and Lost

If every little movie-mad city and country girl doesn't storm the gates of Hollywood demanding a "chance," after seeing "A Star Is Born," it won't be the fault of the picture, which opened last week at the Radio City Music Hall in New York.

For a story idea, Director William A. Wellman and Robert Carson, the authors, stirred not one step out of their cinematic front yard. Adapted by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, the picture points the sense of the argument that the best material often is underfoot.

Filmed in Technicolor, which does not sacrifice the picture for the sake of arty backgrounds, it flows along as unself-consciously as if it were black and white. Simply, it is the story of a little girl, slightly touched in the head by all that Hollywood offers. As *Esther Blodgett,* she leaves her Nebraska home, after some prodding from a determined grandmother. After the usual kicking around, she gets her chance, emerges as *Vicki Lester,* the sensation of the year; and marries her leading man, *Norman Maine.*

Middle—But that is only the exact middle of the picture, not the ecstatic fade-out. Even in Hollywood, the happy ending is as elusive as it is anywhere else. Her husband slides down from screen popularity as rapidly as *Vicki* climbs. A chronic drunkard, he slips off the wagon he rode so firmly when they first were married. Job after job eludes him and he receives the final blow that no actor can stand—being called "Mr. Lester."

Disgracing himself and *Vicki,* time after time, until he finally lands in jail, *Maine* ends it all—and the picture—by swimming out to sea and suicide.

Played quietly and convincingly by Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, the two principal characters are well-sustained.

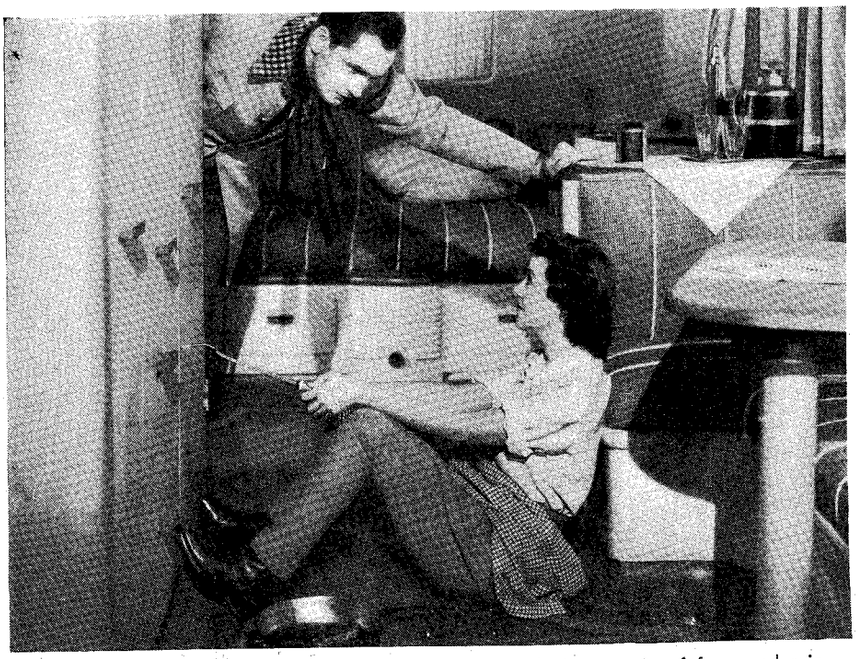
The picture is best where *Vicki* is on her way up the celluloid ladder, however. There, fans can glut their curiosity by seeing all the famous Hollywood landmarks that columnists continually mention. A preview at Grauman's Chinese Theater, the Trocadero, Santa Anita Race-Track, Central Casting Bureau, Malibu Beach, a Motion-Picture Academy Award winner—all are there.

Fun, too, is *Vicki* making her screen-test. Make-up artists decorate her with every known arch of every conceivable shape of mouth, trying to decide which "type" she should be.

Composite—Those in the movie capital "know" will wonder which ex-leading man *Maine* is supposed to be and which harassed, but patient, star Miss Gaynor portrays. Both parts are a composite of a possible dozen well-known stars.

Adolphe Menjou, as the dynamic producer, is more easily recognizable, playing his part with the usual Menjou suavity. Lionel Stander, deep-throated face-maker, is cast again as a press-agent and manages it with his usual humor. In smaller parts, May Robson, Andy Devine and Peggy Wood lend authoritative touches.

John Hay Whitney, principal stockholder of Selznick International (which produced the picture), and Technicolor, Inc., have cause for rejoicing. "A Star Is Born," should double the demand for colored films.



Fredric March and Janet Gaynor join the trailer parade in a movie of fame and ruin

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by The Literary Digest Screen Editor.

AAAA—"Marked Woman"; "Call It a Day"; "Maytime"; "Lost Horizon"; "That Girl From Paris"; "The Good Earth"; "When You're in Love."

AAA—"Love From a Stranger"; "The Good Old Soak"; "Elephant Boy"; "Seventh Heaven"; "Fire Over England."

The ratings are: *AAAA,* Excellent; *AAA,* Good; AA, Acceptable, and *A,* Poor.

ACTOR WINCHELL: The Columnist Flashes to Stardom as Zanuck Keeps Pulse on News

Darryl Zanuck, galvanic young production chief for Twentieth Century-Fox, has little time for pedlers of stage and magazine stories, gives no time to the wasteful amenity of showing them the front door. They never get in the front door.

Five years ago, in another studio, he began the work of peeling topical screen material from the front pages of newspapers. He started—and ended, when it became a bore—the gangster cycle of motion-pictures. He started the present vogue for musical films. He has a hearty relish for seizing on incident and timeliness to manufacture home-grown picture stories. Result: from the Beverly Hills studio pour crackling, timely and often historically provocative pictures.

Plots in News—While others spend upward of $100,000 for successful stage properties, often of dubious value to the screen, he scans a dozen daily papers, frequently down in one corner finds a nugget of news which in fifteen weeks becomes a lively film. Thus, he ran across the name of Dr. Alexander Mudd, a Civil War *medico,* had the man's story studied, emerged with "The Prisoner of Shark Island." His fancy for ice-skaters led to his discovery of Sonja Henie. His wondering about marine insurance caused research into Lloyd's, resulted in the eminently successful "Lloyds of London."

For some years he, with thousands of others, was titillated by the spurious but piquant feud between Columnist Walter Winchell and Fiddler-Conductor Ben Bernie, a major cigar-twirler. In his column and over the air, Winchell incinerated Bernie; over the air and in night-clubs Bernie massacred Winchell.

Hot Rivets—Into this Zanuckian appreciation floated Dorothea Brande's inspirative book, "Wake Up and Live." Its covers supplied Zanuck with a good screen title, its philosophy gave point to one song in the picture. At that moment, Miss Brande trudged out of all relation to the picture, and the thumping Messrs. Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen took charge. Their scenario is adult, vivid, brisk and an excellent combination of the better hot rivets of Broadway and Hollywood.

"Wake Up and Live," because of a solid script, excellent Sidney Lanfield direction, hopping fine performances by the two feuding stars, and wise production, is one of the major screen delights of the year.

Star Winchell—Winchell, a vaudeville performer before he became a newspaper man, had all the acting background essential to a performance sturdy enough to match Bernie, Alice Faye, Ned Sparks, Jack Haley and like skilled players. The force which he projects through a microphone on his Sunday night reports to *Mr. and Mrs. America,* that eminent fireside

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couple, enters into his performance in "Wake Up and Live."

It is easy to agree with Zanuck and others that here is not so much a celebrated columnist and radio oracle visible at last on the screen, but a new personality for the films who has every right to expect cinema favor on his own. There certainly, almost inevitably, must be more Winchell pictures.

* * *

Crusading Medico—New Universal's nod to the ether and scalpel profession is "Let Them Live!"—a testimonial to idealistic young physicians who are hampered in their fight against disease by lack of funds and granite-brained politicians with greedy paws.

This well-made, agreeably performed picture centers its propagandist work on the deadly, insanitary tenement areas which afflict the average large city.

John Howard makes one of his most assured performances as *Dr. Paul Martin*, ablaze with ideals and zeal, and Robert Wilcox, comparatively new to pictures, is outstanding in a small rôle.

* * *

Hypochondriac—From the same studio comes an erratic farce, "Oh, Doctor," based on a now ancient whimsy by Harry Leon Wilson. This is the second or third time the novel has become camera-fodder, and the present product stands up with previous film interpretations.

Followers of the clown technique of Edward Everett Horton will enjoy it, others may. This story of a hypochondriac heir to a fortune is fast enough, after a palsied start, and its humors are broad enough to be savored by any one.

* * *

"BABES IN ARMS" IS TEEN AGE TRIUMPH

High-school musical comedies mostly are pretty dismal affairs, even for the parents, smiling proudly over the dubious talents of their progeny.

Last week, Dwight Deere Wiman, seasoned and successful Broadway producer, took a cast of youngsters, most of them of high-school age, some of them younger, and turned them loose into a comedy with music—"Babes in Arms"—that jerked the most listless sitter to the edge of his chair. From critics he got loud and well-earned salvos, altho there wasn't a proud parent in the lot.

The firm fingers of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart supplied the music and lyrics (both well up to their best efforts) and the plot. Robert Sinclair (with the aid of many an aspirin) taught the moppets and rapscallions their lines and how to read them. George Balanchine, whose ballets always are inspired, staged the dances, and Helene Pons did the youthful, amusing costumes.

Brat to Beauty—For a familiar name, the frolic boasts only Mitzi Green, who some years back (she is seventeen and blonde) was the black-banged, nasal brat who bedeviled movie heroes, heroines and audiences by piping, "I know a secret." To-day she is comely, poised—an accomplished *comédienne* and singer. She handles one of the hits, "That's Why the Lady Is a Tramp," with all the svelt assurance of a veteran.

From a Scranton, Pennsylvania, church-choir Wiman plucked Wynn Murray, a

Henry M. Neely

Mitzi Green handles a rôle in "Babes in Arms" as well as she impersonates George Arliss

rotund sixteen-year-old studying for the opera, who sings three songs with the gusto of a baby Kate Smith and has the grace to blush after turning handsprings in the *finale*.

Duke McHale carries most of the dancing with the easy skill that comes of ability and Ray Heatherton, who has been singing with Paul Whiteman's orchestra on the air, does the same service for a large share of the vocal responsibility.

"Babes in Arms" deserves better than the condescending approval age generally reserves for youth.

Music

LABOR CACOPHONY: Italy's La Scala Orchestra Would Tour U. S.; Musicians' Union Balks

The orchestra of La Scala Opera Company generally is rated as the best in Italy. Its conductor, Pietro Mascagni, is the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and one of the world's most distinguished directors and conductors of opera. At La Scala many an American singer has made an opera debut merely by guaranteeing the sale of seats for that performance, then giving away the orchestra seats to friends. The balcony usually is filled with true music-lovers: Poor Lombardian peasants who hoard their *lire* to see a performance occasionally.

Last week, *La Sera* in Milan announced that Pietro Mascagni and La Scala's Orchestra would tour the United States in July and August.

Joseph Weber, President of the American Federation of Musicians, announced that they would do no such thing.

Battle—The last word will be Weber's, but a merry fight is on. Maestro Mascagni's tour would have to be financed by a juicy $208,000 radio contract which already has been proposed. But Weber says he will not permit La Scala Orchestra to broadcast while there are 10,000 American musicians unemployed or on relief.

Under the immigration laws, as "members of a musical organization of distinguished merit and applying for admission as such," La Scala Orchestra may enter the United States. But if it broadcasts, Weber can call out on strike every musician on the network, thus throwing a handsome monkey-wrench into the program machinery.

However, Julian Martin, of the American Concert Management Committee, manager of the proposed tour, will not take "no" for an answer. "I think I can change Joe Weber's mind," he said. "We have some of the Italian Congressmen lined up with us. And we can use other powerful influences in political circles."

The present intention is to bring Mascagni and his orchestra to the United States around July 1. They would play thirty concerts, starting in New York on July 4, playing across to the West Coast, and winding up back in New York in September.

Return—It would be the second trip to the United States for the seventy-four-year-old *maestro*. His first trip, in 1902, wound up in a tangle of lawsuits. His orchestra was deported and his *impresario* tried to make him play in cabarets. Mascagni flew into a rage, and went back to Italy cursing America and Americans. Particularly he cursed American laundries, which had ruined his best shirts.

Now Mascagni has consented to give America another chance. But the American Federation of Musicians insists he must come alone.

A precedent for their stand already has been set. When English band leaders Ray Noble and Jack Hylton crashed the American jazz scene, they left their English musicians at home, formed new bands with Americans.

Bid—Martin has offered to meet every union demand. He will pay La Scala men prevailing union wages. He will pay for 103 stand-ins at every concert La Scala orchestra plays and points out that the Federation thereby would net $45,000.

Weber's office says that it will stand firm. He fears that if a new precedent were set, America would be flooded with foreign instrumentalists who, on a wave of powerful publicity, would eat up too much American music business.

Rumors continue to roll in like a San Francisco fog, but this much is certain: The tour has the backing of the Italian Government and the personal blessing of Victor Emmanuel III.

Letters

ANCESTOR HUNTS: Dust of Family Closets Stirred in Wave of Genealogical Sleuthing

Annually, thousands of citizens eagerly stir the dust in their family closets in search of skeletons. Some few, wealthier than the rest, engage the services of genealogists. Are they really descendants of Ethan Allen? Did some fortunate ancestor

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make the *Mayflower?* Was Nathan Hale perhaps a forebear?

To the professional ancestor-hunter, these anxious questions bring a smile. In 1900, Ethan Allen had just one living male descendant. Real *Mayflower* fun comes in trying to locate people who are directly descended from all the passengers of the *Mayflower*. To-day, there are only two on record. As for Nathan Hale—there are no living descendants, according to Gilbert Harry Doane, librarian and ancestor-hunter, whose book, "Searching for Your Ancestors" (New York: Whittlesey House; $2.50), was released last week.

Nevertheless, for the amateur who scorns the services of the genealogist, there are many ways of digging up ancestors. First recourse is to all grandparents still living. In the search for information, it's wise not to tax the old folks' strength. Let them talk about anything they choose. Don't tire them with too many questions at once.

Skeletons—If *Grandpa's* mind goes suddenly blank, don't suspect the worst. He may have hit a spot of family scandal that he'd like to keep buried. It is at such moments that the hunter needs all his skill and cunning.

Other less delicate ways of getting ancestral information lie in family Bibles and diaries—if they exist. Sometimes the sampler hanging on the wall has a minute interweaving of forebear names. Town records should be carefully perused. For a little outdoor work, there are tombstones which make difficult if interesting reading.

Armed with the facts that *Grandpa*, the family Bible and the tombstones provide, the ancestor hunter may make the preliminary survey of the organizations he can join. Deep in every American bosom is the desire to uncover some ancestor of 1776 and thereby gain a place in that vague fold —American aristocracy. The "Encyclopedia Britannica" defines the word:

The Answer—"*Aristocracy:* In Greek political philosophy, aristocracy (best power) is the Government of those who most nearly attain to the ideal of human perfection. . . . The Government by those who are superior, both morally and intellectually."

In historic periods when mercantile pursuits cast off the stigma of inferiority, aristocracies of wealth quickly developed. Certainly, in America to-day, by any strict definition, an aristocrat without wealth is indeed a gunner without powder. Nevertheless, as many aristocracies have been able to pass along to descendants their social connections and influence in community life, the belief still prevails in America that one may claim to be an aristocrat through the sole attribute of blood, however watered.

For, tho Americans supposedly have been commoners since the Revolution when the United States was born and George Washington was said to have refused a crown, the fact becomes increasingly apparent that America unofficially still struggles to create an aristocracy.

Discarding the "best-power" aristocracy of Aristotle, most ancestor-conscious Americans base their claims to an aristocratic background on the fact that some of their ancestors settled in one of four American colonies: (1) The Massachusetts Bay Colony, (2) New Netherland, (3) Maryland, (4) Virginia.

At the hands of social arbiters, *Mayflower* descendants receive short shrift. Unable to trace themselves to noble blood in the Old World, they do not stack up socially with the Puritans who settled at Boston, including among their members such names as Winthrop, Saltonstall and Gardner.

In the New York region of New Amsterdam, descendants of early settlers base aristocratic claims on the fact that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Netherlands was the most advanced of all European countries. With its people rich and staid, enjoying comforts such as luxurious carpets and modern tableware, Amsterdam's merchants looked down on the English Court across the Channel, where lords and ladies still ate with their fingers in halls devoid for the most part of window glass and strewn with rushes for rugs.

From such a background came the settlers to New York, their women forming the first social circle in America with such names as Beekman, Van Cortlandt, De Peyster and Phillipse prevalent. Mentioned more frequently in the social columns of to-day's New York papers are the Vanderbilts, Astors, Morgans, Davidsons, Belmonts, Lamonts, Vanderlips, Villards and Goulds. But with the single exception of the Astors, not one of these families was recognized socially before the War Between the States. The social position of to-day's leading families was attained, according to Mrs. John K. Van Rensselaer, through marriage into the old families.

Virginia—Well in the forefront in presenting claims to the share in the formation of an American aristocracy stands Virginia, with her large plantations passing from father to son, with the blood of English nobility running through Virginian veins. Of the 295 men who settled Jamestown, ninety-two were listed on the records as "gentlemen."

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Mrs. Van Rensselaer finds marriage is main builder of social position

Some of the "best blood," if not the "best power," of Europe flowed in the veins of the colonists of Maryland, the Carolinas and New Jersey. William Penn, who founded Pennsylvania, was the son of Sir William Penn, famous English Rear Admiral.

In Washington is located a firm which advertises widely in leading American newspapers, asks you to select your name from its list of "distinguished American families," send it along with $2 for a genealogical and historical sketch of your family from its place "among the gentry in Great Britain or on the Continent." A coat of arms may be had for $9.50 additional.

Coat of Arms—The right to bear arms, signified by the coat of arms which distinguished the medieval crusaders, has long flourished as an American objective. Back at the beginning of the present century, when a Boston historical society assumed the authority to pass on the validity of arms found on crumbling tombstones or affixed to seals, immediate protests arose from citizens whose names were not among the twenty-nine designated. The *Boston Beacon*, expressing fear that New England families would be held in contempt by people in other parts of the country, made an investigation to prove that "more than 1,000 New England families were qualified rightfully to bear arms."

Closely associated with American interest in social caste is interest in patriotic societies. The Society of the Cincinnati, formed in 1783 by officers of the Army of the American Revolution, stands first and most exclusive. Headed by George Washington, the group included Generals Knox, Steuben and Heath, was formed as "a society of friends to endure as long as they should endure, or any of their eldest male posterity, or, in the failure of that, the collateral line."

To-day the society continues as a historic one, erecting monuments, caring for members and their families when necessary and awarding patriotic prizes. If George Washington *had* set up a monarchy, members may reflect, they would be legitimate American noblemen.

S.R.S.—Patriotic societies in America really got under way when the Sons of Revolutionary Sires was founded in California in 1875. In less than a year, the Sons of the Revolution sprang up in New York. By 1889, the National Sons of the American Revolution appeared, the latter two societies growing until their members number 8,000 and 15,000, respectively.

In 1890, the Colonial Dames of America founded the "earliest genealogical society ever founded by women." Numbering 1,371 members, the Colonial Dames are "those who in their own right are descended from some ancestor of worthy life who came here to live prior to 1750 and rendered some service during the colonial period."

Numerically leading all others, the Daughters of the American Revolution with 144,377 members is the best known and least exclusive of all societies in which membership is based on an ancestor caste.

The Order of Founders and Patriots, organized in 1896, becomes more exclusive in its restricting of members to those whose ancestors reached America before 1687 and remained loyal to the colonies throughout the Revolution.

The moving backward of eligible dates

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progressed through the Society of *Mayflower* Descendants, of which to-day there are approximately 1,000, back to the year 1215. Taking a deep breath, one group announced itself as the Baronial Order of Runnymede, accepting for membership only those whose progenitors had witnessed the signing of the Magna Carta. The Order is divided into two classes, Barons and Knights, depending on the status of the ancestor.

Proper ancestry is not enough for membership to the Colonial Lords of Manors. Here landed rights come into their own, with admission by invitation alone and, tho the group was founded in Maryland, ancestral lands are recognized if they were "in the New Netherlands or the Province of New York."

With ancient history well taken care of, the "joining ladies" turned to the War of 1812, created the United States Daughters, 1812, with a membership of 5,000. But the War Between the States proved the field-day for such organizations, spawning three new cults of ancestor worship. The 40,174 ladies of the United Daughters of the Confederacy watch history-books lest "biased authors" place the Confederacy in an unfavorable light.

In the North, the Daughters of the Union and the Military Order of the Loyal Legion have no sacred flame to keep alight. Activity of the Military Order resolves itself to restricting to 6,168 the descendants of officers of the Union troops in the Military Order, while the Daughters include all ranks.

Money Not Paramount—In his famous editorial, "Our Aristocracy," the late Joseph Pulitzer opened the doors wide to millions of Americans:

"In Europe our newly-made millionaires find society divided into classes. At the head stands an aristocracy of blood. . . . It has around it a glamour captivating to weak minds. . . . Then springs into existence the American aristocracy which has become an actuality in New York life . . . a caricature of the original. . . .

"*Our* aristocracy is the aristocracy of labor. The man who by honest, earnest toil supports his family in respectability, who works with a stout heart and a strong arm, who fights his way through life courageously, maintaining his good name through privations and temptations. . . .

"*Our* aristocracy is the aristocracy of brains and honor. The intellect that guides mankind, the genius that invents, the skill that accomplishes. . . .

"*Our* aristocracy is the aristocracy of virtue . . . the poor working girl who supports her mother . . . whose beauty is free from the brazenness of the dashing beauty who blazes her way with diamonds and rouge at a Fifth Avenue ball.

"Money alone makes no aristocrats."

Education

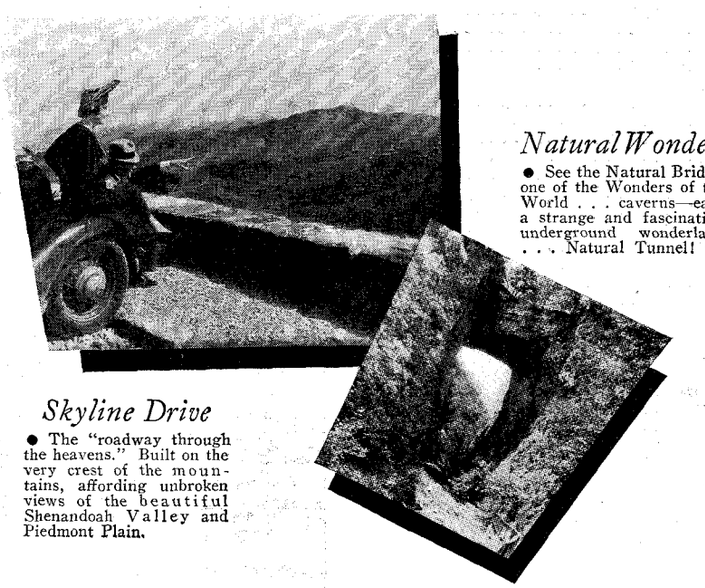
BODY BUILDING: Exercise Gets Away From Physical Jerks—Sauce for Gander Not for Goose

Hendrik W. Van Loon, huge-framed (275 pounds) author, philosophizes: "Why should I diet? If I don't diet I don't get hungry; and if I don't exercise I don't get stiff!"

Conversely, Paul Whiteman and Babe

Colonial America COME TO LIFE INVITES YOU TO VIRGINIA

SEE a whole town restored as it was two hundred years ago—the ancient city of Williamsburg. A few miles away—Jamestown, cradle of the Nation, and Yorktown, where the Red Coats laid down their arms. Re-live some of the most thrilling chapters in American History. Motor over roads where armies marched! Read history as you ride. "Markers" all along the way point out scenes of stirring events. Visit homes of famous men—Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Madison, Lee and Woodrow Wilson. Hundreds of other fascinating historic places—set against a background of scenic grandeur. *Here* is a mountain wonderland, with the world-famous Skyline Drive and Natural Wonders. A few hours away—the seashore!



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Ruth, in the same heavy-weight brackets, no more would think of neglecting their gym-work or dieting than flying to the moon.

Between the two points of view there lies a major national health argument which some one says was started by the late Chauncey Depew when he described the best exercise as plain walking, up and down the stairs. The issue is: To what avail is all this newfangled physical culture? It has been argued pro and con almost as much as that other battle-scarred subject, namely, meat-eating *vs.* vegetarianism.

For years, the chief defense of the body-culture world has been valiantly made by its muscled *intelligentsia*—the thousands of physical education teachers and recreation directors who constitute the American Physical Education Association. They all are college-trained conditioners and they scorn the health-club *impresarios* and beauty experts. Mixing common sense with science, they have won over many a dubious Van Loon by sweeping changes in gymnasium theory and practise.

Meeting—Last week, 2,500 association leaders from the Hudson River to the Golden Gate dropped their Indian clubs and dumb-bells and converged upon New York's Hotel Pennsylvania, where they held their forty-second annual convention, listened to many new trends in their growing profession.

Walter B. Pitkin addressed them on "Muscling in on the Mind" and Glenn Cunningham told them something about track. Other speakers discussed organic fitness tests, reinterpretation of recreation, organization and use of leisure, radical departures in routine of exercise.

To-day, speakers developed, the trend definitely is away from calisthenics to sports, both individual and group. The Swedish and German stiffly rhythmic exercises are giving way, too, to the Danish type—derived from folk-dances—which emphasize the rippling rhythm for flexibility.

Also on the way out is the European influence, seen in the mass-drills of Germany, Russia and Italy—exercises all based on military drill. The reason is that flexibility of the spinal column and other bones and muscles, obtained through the all-over movement of these latter exercises, actually cuts down injury through falls and other accidents, increases athletic ability. Robert H. Kiphuth, Yale Athletic Director, uses the Danish exercises on his famous swimming-team.

Food—Another departure to-day is away from exercise as a reducing panacea. Exercise, it is argued, doesn't reduce weight, merely firms muscles. The feeling now is that reduction in intake of food and water is the only way to reduce. The reason is that people eat more and drink more water when they exercise a lot; often actually gain instead of lose.

Strenuous exercise, particularly for women, also has given way to smooth, leisurely movements and stretching which will relax while limbering up the body. The theory is that the chief injury through exercise is trying to do too much. Hard on the heart, strenuous exercise, physical educators hold, makes knotty muscles instead of sleek firm flesh.

For weak hearts they recommend lots of passive exercise, where the instructor does the kinking and kicking for you. An interesting new theory is that a normal heart can not be hurt by exercise. If proved correct, this would give the lie to the stories about athlete's heart.

In addition, the one-two, one-two exercises of the German type and all exercises which merely are routine, but boring, are being replaced by the twisting and skill-testing ones which are fun to do. There is a strong trend similarly toward highly individualized exercise.

All speakers at the New York meeting emphasized, however, the importance of having a thorough physical examination before starting exercise, taking only that prescribed by a doctor or qualified instructor. Advice proffered: Exercise that is good for one person is bad for another. Don't try to do all the exercises you ever heard of the first time and don't do any except stretching and walking without special advice.

Sedentary—A convention aside: The person who needs most exercise is the business man, yet if Wall Street is a criterion he gets very little of it. One estimate in Wall Street is that not more than one per cent. of the business men really take time out to exercise. When they do, there are only three reasons, according to one cynic:

1. *They think they're getting fat.*
2. *They've been scared into reconditioning by their doctor.*
3. *They're romantically interested in some girl.*

Some of the most prominent of them have small gyms at home, for a daily workout doesn't require a large one. The health clubs, however, are more in favor with them than the athletic clubs, because they supervise activity, don't let patients go too far. Occasionally Wall Streeters run up-town for a cocktail and Turkish bath. Average price at health club: $150 for fifty treatments in one year.

Famed among these clubs is one which for about seven years a smooth gray-haired Tennesseean, William D. Bender, and a broad-chested, white-haired Swede, William B. Unden, have claimed is the country's largest roof-gym. It is the Health Roof, Inc., atop mid-town Grand Central Palace. The larger part is for men; smaller for women.

Mr. Bender says the only two reasons for exercise are:

1. To relax the body and relieve nervous tension from which about 90 per cent. of city people suffer continually (commuting, he says, is bad for this)—the steam-baths, the spray (Scotch douche) of hot and cold water under varying high pressures, salt-rub, massage and sun-bathing all help the body relax.
2. To boost all the processes of elimination; then, if a body is relaxed, and in good shape, its owner automatically will attain the proper weight for his height unless he has glandular disorders or overeats.

Others—Artie McGovern, body-builder of many American celebrities, has two places, one on Forty-second Street, where women are allowed in the morning, another in Wall Street, sacred to men and very elaborate. Ben Bernie's sister, Rose, has a milk-health farm in Westchester County in spring and summer. There, patients go on a milk-and-broth diet. In winter, on a Manhattan terrace, she gives them the same sort of stuff for a day while swathed in blankets in a steamer-chair.

Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubinstein and Richard Hudnut have most glamourous settings for their exercises in New York. Arden has a gym built around Georgia O'Keeffe's painting, the Miracle Flower. Walls are yellow, curtains white and sweeping. A ski-machine teaches balancing and one can learn to fence, dance, play ping-pong. Hudnut has hospital corrective exercises in the indoor gym and on the sun-roof, a physical education teacher in charge. Physicians from leading hospitals are on call to give advice. To lose the twenty pounds they guarantee to take off through personalized exercise, massage, baths, *etc.*, a doctor's permission is required. There, a lady may be thoroughly relaxed and groomed from top to toe while strapped comfortably to a board.

Slumps—Rubinstein's pasteurized milk-bath is a famed offering at her new "Temple of Beauty" on Fifth Avenue. By means of an underwater vibrator, it gives,

Courtesy Grand Central Health Roof Inc.

Tired and worn citizens of New York take high-pressure showers . . . part of a gymnastic ordeal to relax and reduce

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she says, "all the slap-dash of a dip in the ocean." Palm Beach is brought to Fifth Avenue by an all-diffusing "Sun Clinique" with real sand.

The chief fault of women—and men, too—all these beauty experts say, is that they eat too much, have bad posture (slump), are too lazy. But, thanks to the vast industry of physical culture which has been built up in the last decade, the feminine figure is improving, which, they point out, any man on the street can readily see.

OFF HOURS: Tho There's More Leisure for Workers, Cultural Life Hasn't Profited

How do you spend your leisure time? Do you use much of it for culture?

Philosophers and moralists have contended for ages that human beings missed the world's cultural offerings because they had to scratch too long and too hard to gain a living. Give them more time to themselves, their theory went, and they'll use it in the pursuit of wisdom, science and beauty.

Long eager to test out this theory, sociologists leaped to their opportunities during the enforced idleness of depression days, conducted extensive surveys; followed them up by others with the coming of the forty-hour week. One of the earliest and best of these was made in 1931 (and repeated in 1932) by Janet Fowler Nelson among 500 New York Y.W.C.A. business girls. Another was undertaken by the American Women's Association in conjunction with the New York Telephone Company.

Psychologists eagerly studied the results, felt their fingers itch at a yen to break down figures and facts into scientific analysis. They were anxious to translate the schedule of time spent in a schedule of wants gratified, to work out basic time-allotments according to inner, driving psychological forces at play.

Experts—Among them none was more intensely interested than Prof. Edward Lee Thorndike, eminent psychologist and Director of the Institute of Educational Research, Teachers College, Columbia University, who forthwith turned over all available records to a special jury of experts.

Upon completion of the study, he drew up his own conclusions, whipped them into shape for an article for the May issue of *Scientific Monthly*, published last week, entitled: "How We Spend Our Time and What We Spend It For."

Gist of Professor Thorndike's conclusions: The craving for entertainment is so deeply rooted in man's nature that, altho given more leisure, he still would neglect culture. He points to the flood of amusement activities and expresses a fear that very strong counter-attractions will be required to stem the tide.

Says he: "I prophesy that historical and anthropological research will increasingly reveal that the great majority of people have spent their free time for entertainment up to or beyond thirty hours a week, if a supply was available. The desire for approval may counteract it widely, as in waves of Puritanism or patriotism. Also, the desire to see others happy, which apparently has been held down by brutal and bigoted customs in most civilizations, may become a more and more potent alternative, at least in superior souls. The human nervous system is very adaptable and can learn to operate with satisfaction in a humdrum world. But its lines of least resistance go toward cheerful sociability, free play, sensory stimulation and emotional excitement."

Comparisons—In drawing his deductions, Professor Thorndike admits that results of surveys on how people spend their time are meager. Facetiously, he compares his estimates to those upon chimpanzees, which he obtained from Dr. Henry W. Nissen, anthropologist:

	Adolescent	Adult
Sleep (in a nest at night)	11 hours	11 hours
Resting (on ground during day)	2 "	4-5 "
Eating activities (include climbing around in trees, picking fruit, peeling and shelling, intermittent rest) and Productive labor (traveling toward sources of food, water, nesting-sites, avoidance of enemies; building nests)	6 "	6 "
Social and individual play, fighting, sex courtship, auto- and hetero-grooming	5 "	3-2 "

The best data concerning adults, he says, are found in the Nelson Y.W.C.A. survey. From these records, he computed that forty-eight hours a week were used to get a living (including time of transportation to and from work), fifty-six hours for sleep and three and one-half hours for responsibilities to the home where one lives. Twenty-four hours are spent in eating, personal care and shopping. The remaining thirty-six and one-half hours include: Church activities, one and one-half; outdoor games and sports, three and one-quarter; reading, including the newspaper, seven; studies and lectures, one-minus; movies, theater, pageants, three and three-quarters; sedentary games, one and three-quarters; music, one and three-quarters (seven-eighths of which is passive listening); radio other than music, one-minus; sewing, painting, arts and craft, one-minus; parties, dances, picnics, club activities, dates with men and entertaining in the home, nine.

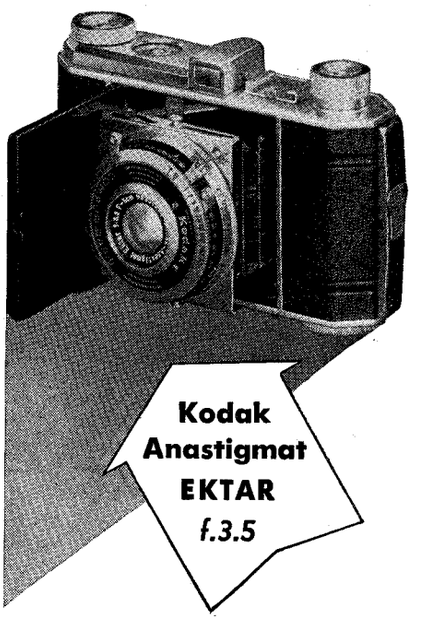
Totals—Summarized, the expenditure of waking hours is forty-eight to productive labor, six or less to other duties, thirty-three and one-half or more to pleasure, twenty-four to eating, personal care and shopping, and one-half unspecified. Of the total for work and duties, sixty-six; for pleasure, forty-five and one-half.

Professor Thorndike deduces from this that these big-city business girls spend little of their free time for learning. Except for the newspaper, the average reading is about three and one-half hours a week; studies and lectures are less than an hour. This group, he points out, probably is much superior to the average of the nation; it had time on its hands and was not exhausted by work.

"A benevolent and intelligent trustee for the welfare of these young women should move rather cautiously in the direction of increasing the amount of their pure pleasure time," he comments. "It may be better for them and for all concerned (1) to improve the health of the individuals, (2) to improve the quality of the home so that the forty-odd hours spent there in eating, dressing, reading and housework are more enjoyable and (3) to improve the quality of the office or shop so that the forty-two hours spent in productive labor are more enjoyable."

Professor Thorndike goes on to follow this

Kodak
Retina
steps out
with a fine
new lens



HERE'S good news if you've had your eye on a Kodak Retina. This extremely able little miniature has been given a new super lens—Kodak Anastigmat EKTAR *f.3.5*. (The price remains the same, $57.50.)

The Retina has always been a tiny package of brilliant picture-making ability. Now that lens quality has been stepped up, pictures are sharper than ever; yield big, richly detailed enlargements.

Kodak Retina is equipped with a Compur-Rapid shutter (nine speeds to 1/500 second). It has a film-measuring device, an exposure counter, and an enclosed eye-level finder. Operation is notably quick and easy.

Kodak Retina loads with four different kinds of Kodak Film in 36-exposure magazines.

"STILLS" IN FULL COLOR

In addition to black-and-white pictures, the Retina—loaded with new Kodachrome Film—gives you gorgeous full-color transparencies. These may be viewed as they are, or mounted in slides for showing on the home screen with Eastman's new Kodaslide Projector. See Kodak Retina at your dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES THE KODAK

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Percentages of Time Spent in Various Activities by Business Girls Which Gratified Certain Wants, According to Jury of Psychologists

	Personal care	Home responsibilities	Automobile	Talking with family	Writing letters	Reading newspapers	Church activities	Sum for 55 items, all except sleep, work, and transportation to and from work
1. Protection against hunger, cold, neat and wet, animals, diseases and bad people, exercise, rest and sex relief	10.8	15.5	9.7		0.1	4.0	4.0	20.2
2. Avoidance or reduction of pain	3.2	1.9	3.0		0.1	0.8	1.1	2.1
3. Pleasures of taste, smell, sight and sound	5.8	10.5	16.1	2.8		8.3	6.9	14.3
4. Mental activity, curiosity and exploration		0.3	6.7	5.9	11.6	58.3	3.6	8.1
5. Manipulation and construction	0.8		1.6		0.1			1.0
6. Security (other than in 1)	3.8	10.5	0.3	9.3	4.7	1.7	17.4	1.5
7. Affection (to get it)	14.1	3.7	3.5	14.8	15.1		3.6	4.7
8. Companionship	5.3	4.1	12.6	29.6	18.3	5.8	16.7	8.5
9. Approval from others	19.6	16.3	3.5	2.8	11.1	2.5	7.3	7.3
10. Approval from one's self	14.2	9.2	0.3	1.9	5.3	5.8	5.8	4.3
11. Mastery over others	5.3	1.7	0.8	3.7	3.3	0.8	1.1	1.9
12. Welfare of others	0.5	10.2	0.8	9.3	9.7	1.7	7.3	1.9
13. Sex entertainment	11.4	8.5	15.9	0.9	16.7	2.5	5.8	11.5
14. Social entertainment	3.0	6.1	24.2	17.6	3.5	3.3	16.7	10.5
15. Physical entertainment	1.1	0.7	0.8		0.1			1.5
16. Unspecified comfort	0.8	0.7	0.3	0.9		4.2	2.9	0.7

criticism with a study of how all this time should be spent—according to the psychologist's notion. The jury which analyzed the surveys arrived at exactly fifty-five items involved in time spent other than in sleep, work for wages, and transportation to and from work. The accompanying table gives only sixteen samples of these allotments, the others being of a clinical nature interesting chiefly to psychologists.

"Some students of history and sociology will credit the present flood of entertainment to the great increase in the supply, coupled with the commercial methods of stimulating the demand," concludes Professor Thorndike. "They will argue that men will, under fit environmental conditions, spend their free time in serving the State by fighting or otherwise, or in serving the church by religious rites, or in serving the family by labor and ceremonial. They will assert that men will follow true gods of truth or beauty or virtue or utility or the common good as readily as the false god of entertainment if they are shown the right path by example and have their feet set upon it by habit. I hope that this is so."

Result—There are other students of social science who believe this to be doubly true. The National Recreation Association recently conducted a survey among 5,000 persons in a number of big and small cities and it developed this salient fact:

There is much evidence to show that given adequate opportunities for participation in varied activities, people eagerly take advantage of them, and that lack of expressed interest in or desire for such activities often is due to a lack of experience in them.

George D. Butler, who made the survey, says:

"If the great emphasis which is being increasingly laid in the public schools upon training for leisure through the development of interest and skill in music and drama, arts and crafts, games and sports, nature study, *etc.*, has resulted in the development of interest in these varied activities on the part of millions of our youth and if our cities are prepared to provide opportunities whereby young people can continue to engage in these activities after leaving school, there is little doubt that the passive, spectator type of amusement will play a smaller part in leisure time in the years ahead than it is claiming in so many of our cities to-day."

NO "HASHERS": Waitresses Now Must Have Tact and Charm and Apply Their Psychology

Time was when the American male dreaded eating out; he didn't like waitresses.

The devout family man thought them too fast; the drummer thought them too slow. The business man was afraid they would talk too much; lonesome youths found them too taciturn. Almost everybody agreed that the "hasher" (girl who waited table) of a generation ago was an untidy, uneven-tempered, unpredictable creature. She didn't have charm.

To-day, charm comes with the breakfast coffee and scrambled eggs. It is the intangible *hors-d'œuvre* that draws thousands of males every day to some favored café or hot-dog wagon and keeps the female restaurant patron happy even tho served by one of her own sex.

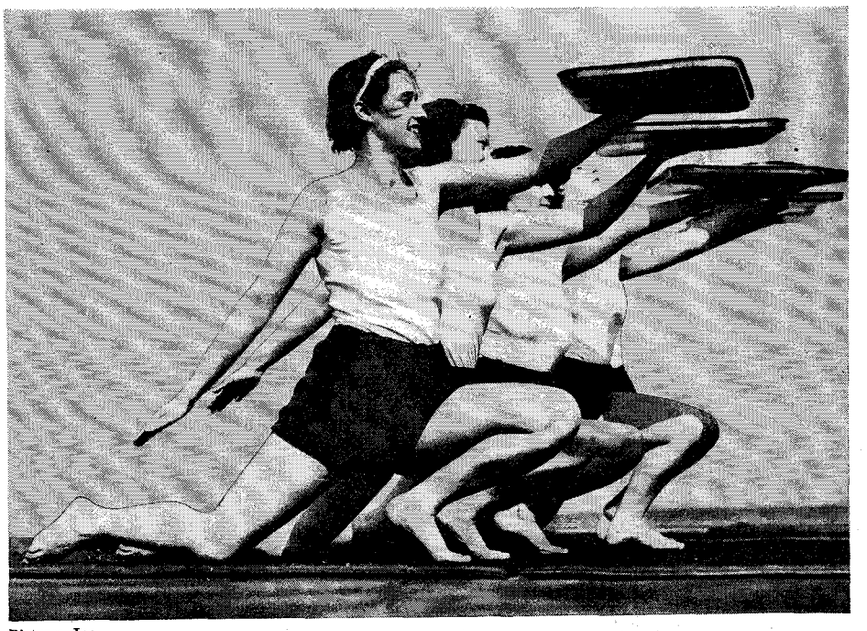
Last week came official statistics from the New York State Department of Labor (which placed 198,000 men and women in jobs last year) showing that pulchritude and personality are just as necessary to the food-dispenser as pork chops and *pastrami*. Furthermore, that "a restaurant devoid of feminine charm is becoming as rare as a cigar-store Indian." Restaurateurs from New York to Tokyo echoed the sentiment.

Artistry—From the main office of the famous Childs restaurant chain (ninety-one restaurants in sixteen States) came information that girls not only have to be attractive personally to get jobs at all, but they must be thoroughly drilled in the psychology of making the customer happy with life in general, as well as with hot cakes and maple-sirup.

Childs' servers, preferably in their early twenties, of "wholesome" type with some high-school education, are encouraged to wear facial make-up including lip-stick, are groomed first in the art of setting a table, serving quickly and quietly, of balancing a tray properly. Secondly, they undergo what amounts to a veritable "charm" course in the form of common-sense talks on the handling of men customers (the Childs' clientele is 75 per cent. male) from Miss Katharine Crumbaugh, sleekly groomed, gray-haired supervisor of hostesses.

They are told that the technique for handling the "squawker," the complainer, the ornery customer who raises hob through plain cussedness is first to assume that he is an "unhappy guest whose unhappiness is probably caused by outside causes —matrimonial trouble, boss trouble, *et al.*" Secondly, to get his food quickly, refuse to answer back if he snaps crankily, and do nothing to irritate him.

Tact—Officially, the servers are not supposed to indulge in any conversation even with "happy" guests. Unofficially, as *per* the 1937 charm technique, they are permitted to make replies provided a subtle note



Pictures, Inc.

"Nippy" English waitresses dance and exercise to acquire graceful tray-balancing technique

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of flattery is employed. *I.E.*, if a customer, pleasantly glowing after a fine dinner of Childs' delicacies, inquires cheerfully "Who ya bettin' on to-morrer?" the waitress may counter with "On whom are *you* betting?" emphasizing the *you* and her interest in *his* personal welfare.

Whether or not Childs' servers make home-work practising on hubby out of their charm-lessons is not of record, but records do show that 85 per cent. are married.

In Schrafft restaurants (thirty-six centered on the Atlantic seaboard) waitresses have the task of exerting their charm mostly to please particular women customers. (Schrafft clientele is nearly 75 per cent. female.) Regulations governing make-up and conduct are slightly more rigid, designed more for unobtrusiveness which may amount to comforting flattery as far as female guests are concerned.

A Schrafft waitress must use no lip-stick or eyebrow-pencil, dab on just enough powder and rouge to look natural under artificial light, wear a black uniform with white collar and cuffs and is instructed always to wear black stockings and low-heeled shoes.

She must not have artificially bleached or extremely coiffured hair and she is not likely to get the job in the first place if she wears spectacles. She can be between twenty and thirty and between five feet three and five feet eight in height with weight in proportion.

Dicta—She is instructed:

1. Never be noticeable in any way.
2. Never converse socially with a customer.
3. Never chew gum or smoke a cigarette when on duty.

Charm and beauty standards for the 1937 model waitress vary, of course, in different locales and in different cafés. In Hollywood, Brown Derby restaurants, where movie stars of both sexes eat (among other things) *de luxe* hamburger at $1 a plate and crisp salads with non-fattening mineral-oil dressing, there is emphasis first upon personality, secondly upon pulchritude in hiring servers.

Says Robert Cobb, President of the Derby Corporation and himself married to Gail Patrick, beautiful brunette motion-picture actress:

"Beauty is a distinct asset to any business, as feminine beauty is very pleasant and soothing to most people."

Following up on this theory, Cobb insists that his waitresses wear costumes designed to enhance their feminine charm—tricky brown and white frocks of abbreviated length and with skirts starched so heavily they stand out in hoop effect. The dresses are designed to fall one inch below the knee, but they shrink a great deal. Most Brown Derby girls go to the beauty-parlor not once but twice a week in order to meet the meticulous standards.

Most Brown Derby girls, too, are unmarried and some seek careers in one line or another before they undertake matrimony. Several have received motion-picture studio-stock contracts, several have gone to New York for stage training and one poetess has had her writings sponsored by Columnist O. O. McIntyre.

Nippon—Far ahead of America in realization of the need for feminine beauty and charm in restaurants are the Japanese. For top-notch Nipponese cafés, the little servers are chosen carefully and go through a several years' training-course until letter perfect in duties and until achievement of the utmost in feminine appeal in dress, coiffure, manners and accomplishments has been reached.

For example, in Japan's famous Koyo Kan (Maple Club) known widely for its Japanese delicacies and also for its beautiful natural setting, in the Machiai Club or Tea House (comparable to New York's Stork or El Morocco Club) the pretty servers are taken when fifteen and sixteen and trained rigorously. First, like probationers in an American hospital, they learn how to clean rooms thoroughly, take lessons in the care of the hair, face, figure, how to dress properly, the important Japanese flower arrangements, tea-cerèmony and social, modern and classical dancing. Lastly, they must make themselves perfect in foreign and Japanese etiquette.

"Nippy"—A waitress employed in one of the forty-one tea-shops or more than a dozen restaurants operated by Jas. J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., London, is known as "Nippy," more often is young than elderly, wears a black uniform set off by a perky white cap. She may not be taught "charm" in the accepted American sense, but she has classes in dancing and calisthenics which she attends and in which (see illustration) she learns how to balance a tray with ease and grace under the most trying conditions.

Teaching—In Atlantic City, one of America's most famous resort-towns, the "charm that comes with the breakfast coffee and the scrambled eggs" is now being taught in a special W. P. A. school, sponsored by the Atlantic City Hotelmen's Association.

Launched early in March for the express purpose of supplying servers to fill café and restaurant needs during those holiday periods when the resort-town's population rises from its normal of 66,000 to 200,000 on a Memorial day or 500,000 on a Fourth of July, the school has a five-weeks' course, is in charge of Federal-paid, professionally trained Mrs. Martha Sellers.

It devotes two-weeks' intensive study to problems in personal appearance, general neatness, attractiveness, poise, walking, sitting, standing correctly. Three weeks are devoted to practical problems of hoisting trays and setting tables.

Altho Atlantic City does not include waitress "lingo" in its curriculum, the girls probably will learn, as most waitresses have learned, that a person who does not tip is a "stiff" or dead-beat; a customer who lingers long over table is a "sit-down striker"; a girl who forgets her order is a "shoemaker"; an ice-cream saucer is known as a "monkey-dish"; a restaurant hostess is "mama"; milk served in glass rather than bottle is "loose milk" and a tray coming up from behind is "hot stuff."

Tips for Wives

Here's the way to coax your husband out of his early morning grouch.*

1. Don't answer back, no matter what he says.

2. Get his breakfast or have it served him as quickly and as efficiently as possible. And—the way *he* likes it.

3. Don't do any little thing which irritates him, such as tapping your foot, rustling the newspaper, or slamming things.

4. No matter what he does, don't be ruffled.

*These rules worked out on the charm formula followed in the famous Childs restaurant chain, where servers are taught to make customers happy.

Courtesy Childs Restaurants

Yesterday's waitresses were efficient, but neglected the modern "hors d'oeuvres of charm"

Press

4TH TO 3D ESTATE: Ex-Newspaper Men Make Good in U. S. House and Senate

"I used to be a newspaper man myself."

Stock condescension reserved by Big Business Men for the cynical cub reporters who interview them, the boast is no idle one in the halls of Congress. Truth is that many a Senator and Representative, having participated in more than one editorial lynching of some hapless politician, perhaps is hypersensitive to the inky arrows which now and then puncture his own hide.

A survey last week disclosed that at

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least a dozen of the lawmakers on Capitol Hill could pinch-hit on most any city desk; more than two-score have enough printer's ink in their veins to entitle them to membership in the National Press Club.

The smell of ink and type-metal first hit Sen. Arthur Capper of Kansas when he was fourteen, a printer's devil on the Garnett (Kan.) *Journal*. Young Capper plodded in his farm-shoes to Topeka, won work as typesetter, then political writer on *The Daily Capital*, suddenly caught the big-city fever and talked himself into a job on the New York *Tribune*.

Job—The City Editor sent the ex-farm boy out to cover a Long Island yacht-race as his first assignment. Capper never had seen a yacht, but he told other reporters of his predicament, they "filled him in," and he wrote a first-rate sports-story. As soon as he'd learned Eastern newspaper ways, he talked his old boss on the Topeka *Capital* into making him the first Washington correspondent from Kansas (and he got some sensational farm-law scoops, too).

But Capper still liked Kansas, so he took his first $1,000 out of the savings-bank, borrowed $1,500 and bought the North Topeka *Mail*. Soon he had combined it with the Kansas *Breeze* and the Kansas *Farmer*, had enough money to buy *The Capital*, where he'd once been cub reporter, City Editor and Washington correspondent.

To-day, 4,000,000 people read Capper publications: Capper's *Farmer*, Capper's *Weekly*, *Household Magazine*, the Kansas City (Kan.) *Kansan* and farm magazines in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Kansas.

One day some one suggested Arthur Capper run for Governor; he knew every one in Kansas. He did, was elected, and now he's senior Kansas Senator, believes in using the same formula in politics as in journalism: Serving the farm population. He's shy, timid, unassuming, still writes a weekly column, edits it with a stubby black pencil and makes it a rule not to keep other newspaper men waiting to see him.

Doctor—Another busy man in the Senate is Royal S. Copeland, M. D., Chairman of the Commerce Committee, but on Sundays he has no time for politics: He has to write eight 500-word columns of medical advice and information, send them to the Hearst papers and 375 others. Copeland, doing a full-time job in the Upper House, says he writes 300,000 words a year (a prodigious output for any newspaper man).

"Am I a newspaper man?" he roars. "Listen to this: When I was a boy, I wrote stories and set type for the Dexter *Leader*, in Michigan, back in 1882. I worked on the college paper. I used to own the Rockland *Journal News*, in Nyack, New York. And I'd like to buy another small newspaper—if I were out of the Senate."

Foot-noted Senator Copeland: "I'm telling you all this only because I know how hard it is to fill a column."

Crusader—Antiwar, gentlemanly Sen. Gerald P. Nye filled many a column during the World War, when he was Chairman of patriotic organizations and an editorial crusader against Sen. Robert M. La Follette, for his pacifism.

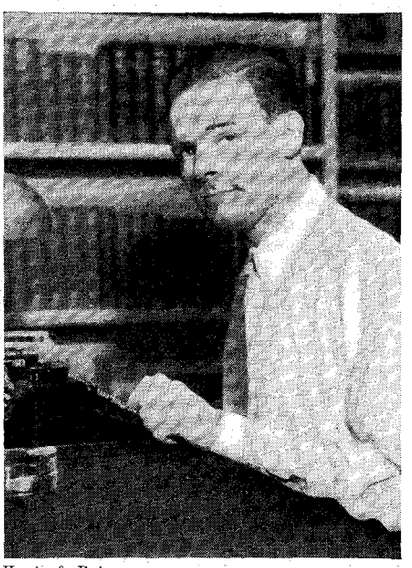
Then, Nye was the Editor and owner of the Fryburg (N. Dak.) *Pioneer*, a reformist paper which speedily had blanketed all competition in Billings County. He'd worked on the Des Moines (Iowa) *Register*, tried running a paper he leased from his father and had both eyes blacked at various times because of articles he'd printed.

He crusaded for farm reform, prohibition, honesty in government, lower power rates and entry into the War.

"There is nothing in all my lifetime of which I am so heartily ashamed," Senator Nye says to-day of his War-fever days. He since has become an ardent "debunker" of war myths and legends and a fighter against war profits. It was while he was Editor of the North Dakota Non-Partizan League *Sentinel-Courier* in Griggs County, and a strong supporter of his one-time enemy, La Follette, that Nye first was named to his Senate post.

"I'm still a newspaper man at heart," he boasts.

Reminiscent—Ten years ago, a young man in the press-galleries of Congress felt burdened in his newspaper duties because his grandfather had been a great and memorable figure in the lawmaking body he



Harris & Ewing

Henry Cabot Lodge . . . from press-gallery to Senate seat, but still news-minded

now was assigned to "cover." Handsome young Henry Cabot Lodge was on the Washington staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

"You ought to go into politics instead of being a reporter," men used to tell young Lodge, reminiscing about his grandfather instead of answering his questions.

"I never thought I'd really get into politics," says the present junior Senator from Massachusetts. He'd been a reporter on the Boston *Evening Transcript* even before he was graduated from Harvard, later worked up from cub to police reporter and State-House man.

Lodge worked in Washington three years for *The Herald Tribune*, was sent to Nicaragua to cover the American supervision of elections during "bandit trouble," then to the Philippines. For two years, he wrote editorials for the paper, then took leave of absence to write a book ("The Cult of Weakness," asking for brains in politics). He got in the habit of dropping in to meetings of the Beverly (Mass.) Republican Club; one day they proposed him as candidate for the Legislature.

The next leap was into the United States Senate, only eleven years after he had got his first big assignment: covering a Coolidge vacation. He still tries to look at politics with a newspaper man's eye, tells many an "off-the-record" story to correspondents. But he won't be quoted, won't "sound off," knows his place as a Congressional "youngster."

Parade—An ex-youngster is Arthur Vandenberg, who was "on his own" at nine. He worked his way through high school, became a billing-clerk in a cracker-factory in 1900. "Teddy" Roosevelt was Vandenberg's idol; one day he came to Grand Rapids, planned a parade.

"Can I go watch the parade and see Roosevelt?" Vandenberg asked his boss.

An incredulous look. "You were hired to write bills, not watch parades. No!"

Arthur saw Roosevelt, but lost his job. So he went to work on the Grand Rapids *Herald*. "That is how I happened to become a newspaper publisher, instead of a billing-clerk, or even a cracker-magnate," the Senator grins.

For almost thirty years, Vandenberg worked on *The Herald*, saw it become one of the State's most important Republican organs (circulation 38,000), and himself become Editor and Publisher. When he became a Senator in 1928 he disposed of his holdings in the paper.

Last week, he wagged his head. "There isn't much hope for a guy who quits a job as a newspaper publisher to come up to the Senate, is there?"

Others—Sen. Josiah H. Bailey of North Carolina used to edit *The Biblical Recorder*. Other names impressive in publishing and newspapering appear in Washington news.

There's Carter Glass, Publisher of the Lynchburg *Advance* and *News*. Long ago, when he was a reporter on *The News*, he covered a story in the Pocahontas coalfields. An old Negro pressman began calling him "Pocahontas." Behind his back, intimates still call the fiery Virginian "Poke," but the old Negro used to address him by his nickname even after his elevation to President Wilson's Cabinet.

The junior Senator from Virginia, Harry Flood Byrd, also is a newspaper man. When Carter Glass already was a veteran member of the State Senate, Harry, at fifteen, was Editor of the Winchester *Star*, because his father had $200 invested in the paper. To-day, after thirty-five years, he owns and edits *The Star*, and the Harrisonburg *News-Record* also.

Sen. Peter Gerry of Rhode Island, a quarter-century ago, helped start the Democratic Providence *Tribune*, many a time helped it financially in its rise to the 30,000 circulation *News-Tribune*.

Housemen—In the House of Representatives there are even more ex-newspaper men. Foremost is John McGroarty (he's a native of Pennsylvania, but he's the poet laureate of California).

He went West, in 1903, badly in need of a job. He read a news-story of the death of Krupp, German munitions maker. McGroarty wrote a red hot antimilitaristic poem, sent it to the Los Angeles *Times*. When it was printed, with editorial comment, he called on Gen. Harrison Grey Otis, famous Editor, got a job writing whatever he wanted to. Soon he was writing editorials, then became chief editorial writer.

For the last twenty years, he has written a Sunday page, even since his Washington career began. Nowadays, writing an editorial or filing a news-story is habitual with him.

Indiana's Louis Ludlow wrote a book

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"From Cornfield to Press Gallery," after he talked fourteen Midwestern Editors into buying his Washington stories. After twenty-eight years, he "took a flier" into politics, still hopes to get back to his typewriter post.

"Background"—Karl Stefan, thirty years ago, was an Associated Press telegrapher. He became a free-lance, traveled, was a city editor, a metropolitan newspaper correspondent (Chicago *Daily Tribune* and Kansas City *Star*), one of the first radio commentators and elected to Congress in 1932. His newspaper work he calls "background."

Robert Luce, aristocratic Massachusetts Republican, reproaches himself for despoiling the English language: He coined the phrase "clipping bureau," when to clip meant "to shear the top off." The Luce Clipping Bureau is one of America's oldest and largest, employs ninety persons to "cut" 3,000 newspapers and magazines a day. Luce was one of the founders of the first college daily (now *The Harvard Crimson*), worked on the Boston *Journal*, then the *Daily Globe*. He's been in politics since 1899.

Cut-Rate—A hotel-keeper asked newly-elected Michigan Rep. Paul Shafer what his occupation was.

"Newspaper man," Shafer replied. He got a lower rental than other Congressmen! He was truthful, too, for he'd held a dozen good writing and editing jobs, still free-lances.

Then there's Benjamin K. Focht, who has owned and edited the Lewisburg (Pa.) *Saturday News* since soon after he went to work as a cub in 1882. "I've written 8,000 obituaries in my life," he says. "And I've run for office at every election since I turned twenty-one—been in Congress since 1907."

William R. Thom, Ohio Democratic Representative, was on the floor of the House for the United Press as a reporter, decided he might as well have a seat. He was elected.

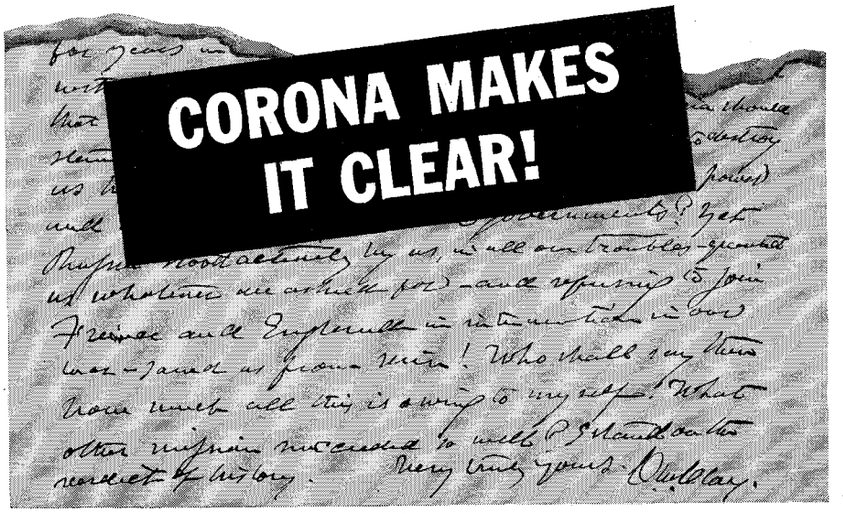
Joseph William Martin, Jr., was a North Attleboro, Massachusetts, newsboy. Business men liked him, helped get him a reporter's job on a new paper, and he eventually bought *The Evening Chronicle*. Georgia's Hugh Peterson has been owner and Editor of the Montgomery *Monitor* since 1924.

Europe-minded Otha Wearin, an Iowa farm-boy, sold a syndicated column to sixty weeklies at fifty cents a week apiece, went to Europe on his income. Later he became a Representative.

Versatile—Joe L. Smith, West Virginia Democrat, once owned the Alexandria (Va.) *Gazette*, oldest American daily paper. His fellow Representative, Andrew Edmiston, owns the Weston *Democrat*, writes editorials. Jennings Randolph, however, is the foremost of newspapering West Virginia Congressmen. He's been sports-editor, correspondent, editorial writer, journalism instructor at Davis and Elkins University, even written fiction.

Merlin Hull owns one of Wisconsin's most influential weeklies, *The Banner-Journal* of Black River Falls. Francis H. Case owns the *Custer County Chronicle* (Custer, S. Dak.).

Famed as the only man left in the House who voted against American entrance into the World War, Minnesota's Harold Knutson owns the Wadena *Pioneer Journal*. Fellow Gopher is Henry Teigan, the only Congressional member of the American



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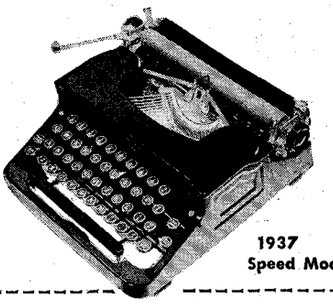

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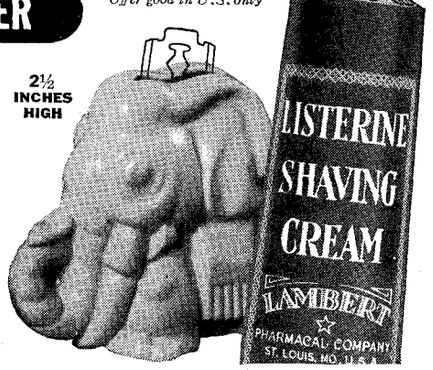

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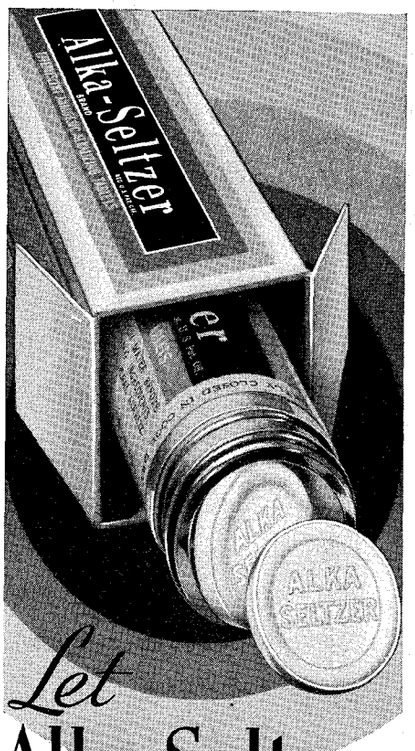

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Newspaper Guild; once he edited *The Minnesota Leader*, Farm-Labor organ.

Former Editor Braswell Deen, of the Alma (Ga.) *Times*, increased his circulation from 500 to 1,100. Norman R. Hamilton, white-maned Democratic member of the House, publishes the Portsmouth (Va.) *Star*, upped its circulation from 700 to 9,000, was one of the first editors to report the pioneer flight of the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk.

James H. Gildea owns the Coaldale (Pa.) *Observer*. Ohio's tall, black-browed Dudley White helps direct *The Reflector-Herald* of Norwalk and the Sandusky Newspapers, Inc. William Ashbrook owns his home-town paper, the Johnstown (Ohio) *Independent*. Brooks Fletcher of Ohio used to be a publisher.

Rep. Alfred Norton Phillips, Jr. (Milk of Magnesia), believes in divorcing politics from journalism; his opinions are paid advertisements in his paper, the Darien (Conn.) *Review*. Iowa's Fred Biermann owned a weekly once; so did Charles J. Colden of California.

Proof—Copy-desk minded, Sen. Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming dictates his own press-releases, edits them as if he were wearing a green eye-shade. He used to be City Editor of the Cheyenne *State Leader*.

Nevada's James Graves Scrugham claims he was only an "apprentice newspaper man," but he has a share in *The Nevada State Journal*, used to edit it. Thomas Ford, California Representative, used to be a prominent editor.

Press-gallery men in Washington won't even stop at bragging about newsmen in Congress; President Harding used to own the Marion (Ohio) *Star*, many a man in the New Deal is a former newspaper man: Democratic Publicity Chief Charles Michelson, Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, Stephen Early, Secretary to the President; Marvin H. McIntyre; Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, former Editor of *Wallace's Farmer* (circulation 271,258).

HIKING EDITOR: John H. Finley, Now Guiding New York Times, Rose from Plow-Boy

One night last week, a stone's throw from the hurly-burly of New York's Times Square, a stone-man dropped a stick of type at the top of the editorial column of America's best-known newspaper:

ANNOUNCEMENT

Since the death of Rollo Ogden on February 22, John H. Finley has been acting as Chief Editor of this newspaper. To-day he assumes the title of Editor in Chief of *The New York Times*.

ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER,
Publisher.

The most imposing man in the tall building on West Forty-third Street, scholarly Doctor Finley, tall, rugged, incredibly vital for a man seventy-four years old, was little impressed by his new post. He'd been doing the same careful, analytical editorial-writing for *The Times* for sixteen years.

Farm Boy—Born and bred on an Illinois farm, John Huston Finley used to prop his Latin book between the handles of a plow, learn a line to each furrow. When he was old enough to go to Knox College, at Galesburg, he got work as a printer, would often practise setting type by translating Aristophanes, setting it up in English as he read from the Greek. He became Editor of the college paper, the *Coup d'Etat* (now the *Knox Student*).

Later, at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, he studied politics, economics, history, preparing himself for journalistic work by helping edit historical and economic publications and working on a book on taxation.

Prexy—Only five years after he had been graduated from Knox College, Doctor Finley went back as President, served for seven years. But New York called, and *Harper's Weekly* made him Editor.

The next career-stop was Princeton University, where Doctor Finley was a new kind of political science professor—informal, hardly ever using written lectures or even notes. Students flocked to his courses, learned what he taught, absorbed his philosophy and his personality.

"The greatest man in college next to President Wilson . . . such a man as one would like to lock arms with when walking in his company," students said.

Once, at the age of forty, he was mistaken for an undergraduate!

The rangy scholar taught at Princeton for three years, then was called to the College of the City of New York as President.

Innovator—Despite his love of the classics, Doctor Finley was an innovator. He reorganized the college, erected new buildings, forwarded new educational schemes, created a Department of Personal Hygiene and Well Being, making each student responsible for his own health.

Out of doors in all weather, Doctor Finley already was acquiring a reputation as a great walker. Ten and twenty miles a day of long-legged striding still give him a chance to think, to plan, and even to travel.

"I walked around the world in seven years," he laughs. "I had a *Baedeker* in my pocket, and I imagined each week that I was in a different country. And my pedometer totaled up to 21,000 miles—or the distance around the world in a northerly latitude."

Once Doctor Finley was President of

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Dr. John Finley hiked his way to editorship of The New York Times

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the League of Walkers. Another time a reporter who wanted to interview him had to walk twenty miles while asking his questions!

Arbitrator—Still walking, Doctor Finley left City College, became New York State Commissioner of Education and President of the University of the State of New York.

He headed Red Cross commissions to Palestine and the Near East in 1918 and 1919, later arbitrated a railroad strike.

Then, in 1921, he was asked to become Associate Editor of the New York *Times*, working with the notable Editor-in-Chief, Rollo Ogden, on the editorial page, seeing the great Managing Editor, Carr Van Anda, building up the news side of *The Times* under Publisher Adolph Ochs.

Change—*The New York Times* editorial page has changed in Doctor Finley's own time. Its nearest approaches to a column are the alternating contributions of Arthur Krock, Chief of the Washington Bureau, and Anne O'Hare McCormick; pithily written essays on politics, national and international. A light and merry note is the "Topics of the Times," satirical short editorial paragraphs written by Simeon Strunsky.

At least a dozen other editorial writers contribute to *The Times's* editorial page. Every noon they meet like a board of directors, in a special terra-cotta-paneled room, discussing the news of the day and the attitude *The Times* will take toward it.

Doctor Finley himself writes many an editorial and will continue to do so, working with a lead-pencil on pads of yellow paper. He scorns a typewriter, but may dictate an editorial to his secretary on occasion.

Telling a journalism school one time what a newspaper man should know, he listed things from Biblical lore and archeology to astronomy, mathematics, governmental science, baseball, and mastery of words, to stenography and typewriting.

Religion

TAMER TEENS: Catholic Editor's Poll Shows Fading of "Flaming Youth" Spirit in High Schools

Just seventeen years ago, F. Scott ("Flaming Youth") Fitzgerald's best-seller, "This Side of Paradise," burst upon a startled public, disclosing a jazz-mad, reckless, restless, modern younger generation which indulged indiscriminately in drinking, profanity, card-playing, dancing and staying out all night. Since then, youth has been more or less under a cloud of suspicion.

Last week, Father Franklyn J. Kennedy, Editor of the Milwaukee *Catholic Herald-Citizen*, scanned answers in a "secret-diary" poll of 6,000 teen-age Wisconsin high-school girls and boys and happily read that the majority believed in "purity," did not stay out late at night, smoked but rarely, dated not much more often than once a week and thought that only "smart Alecks" drank.

If the priest's survey, conducted by means of detailed questionnaires to Catholic students only, filled out minus signatures and dropped into sealed ballot-boxes, is taken as typical of the non-Catholic teenagers as well, then youth is not going to the dogs these days—at least not in Wisconsin.

His Ideal Girl

Here is the way Wisconsin teen-age boys voted on qualities of the ideal girl friend:

Purity	704
Personality	602
Modesty	285
Good Looks	227
Intelligence	216
Honesty	125
Sense of Humor	96

Her Ideal Boy Friend

Here is the way Wisconsin teen-age girls voted on qualities of the ideal boy friend:

Purity	893
Personality	687
Modesty	343
Honesty	261
Intelligence	139
Sense of Humor	85
Good Looks	52

Replies—Here are some of the answers which brought joy to the heart of Father Kennedy and were printed proudly in his publication, a family religious weekly with 36,000 circulation in Wisconsin and Upper Michigan:

"High-school boys who drink are cheap and disgusting . . . are doing it to show off . . . should be shunned . . . don't know any better . . . disgusting . . . cheap and common . . . nuts, and ought to be arrested . . . weaken their hearts and then can't study very well."

Tabulating the replies, Father Kennedy gleaned the following specific information about his teen-age girls and boys:

Morals: Both sexes decided that purity was the quality most desired in a girl or boy friend. Drinking came in for heavy condemnation. Ninety-five per cent. of the boys, 98 per cent. of the girls frowned unreservedly upon the cup that cheers. Only eighty-seven girls admitted they puffed a cigarette with any regularity, 334 that they indulged occasionally; in all only 19 per cent. could be classed as smokers. Nicotin was more popular with the boys, 46 per cent. admitting regular smoking-habits.

Dating: More than two-thirds of the girls queried had parental permission to go out with boys. Freshmen admitted that mama and papa usually sat up until they arrived home; seniors in many cases had their own door-keys. More than one-third of the boys were forbidden by parents to date girls; two-fifths had their own door-keys. For girls the curfew hour was 10 o'clock week-nights, midnight on Saturday; for boys, approximately the same. Where did they go on dates? Movies received 914 votes, outdoor sports 461, dances 448, home parties 412, automobile rides 104. Boys voted for: (1) movies, (2) outdoors, (3) home parties, (4) dancing, (5) football games, (6) automobile riding.

Ambitions: Nearly one-sixth of all the girls answering said they wanted jobs at school's end, but exactly the same number, minus one, said their life's aim was to become wives and mothers. Approximately 15 per cent. intended to enter a profession, about 5 per cent. wished to become nuns and about 20 per cent. had not yet made up their minds about the future. Jobs, just jobs, without specifying a specific field, were the preoccupation of the majority of the boys, with 114 signifying their intention of becoming priests and 165 saying they had their eyes on marriage and children. College hopes soared high in the hearts of many of the lads

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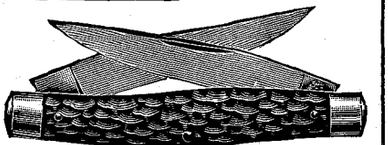

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and one out of fifty wanted to go to business college.

Amusements: Girls were greater movie fans than boys. Attendance at movies shaped up as follows: 40 per cent. of the girls, 33 per cent. of the boys see a motion-picture once a week; 17 per cent. of the girls and about 10 per cent. of the boys go twice a week; 2 per cent. of the girls, 1½ per cent. of the boys go three times or oftener. The sexes agree that musical productions were their No. 1 choice; mystery-plays second with boys. Romantic dramas, second with girls, are at the bottom of the boys' list.

Both sexes are great radio fans, but girls spend more time listening daily, 50 per cent. agreeing they are tuned in at least two hours daily.

Here's the way they rate the current programs:

Favorite Dance Orchestra

Girls' Choice—1. Wayne King, 2. Kay Kyser, 3. Shep Fields, 4. Benny Goodman, 5. Ted Weems.

Boys' Choice—1. Wayne King, 2. Benny Goodman, 3. Shep Fields, 4. Kay Kyser, 5. Guy Lombardo.

Favorite Comedy Programs

Girls' Choice—1. Jack Benny, 2. Eddie Cantor, 3. Burns and Allen, 4. Fibber McGee, 5. Fred Allen.

Boys' Choice—1. Jack Benny, 2. Fred Allen, 3. Eddie Cantor, 4. Burns and Allen, 5. Joe Penner.

Favorite Variety Program

Girls' Choice—1. Hit Parade, 2. Hollywood Hotel, 3. Bing Crosby, 4. Fred Astaire, 5. Major Bowes.

Boys' Choice—1. Bing Crosby, 2. Robert Ripley, 3. Fred Astaire, 4. Major Bowes.

Favorite Informative Program

Girls' Choice—1. Walter Winchell, 2. Boake Carter, 3. Catholic Hour, 4. Father Coughlin.

Boys' Choice—1. Boake Carter, 2. Walter Winchell, 3. History Head-Lines, 4. Catholic Hour.

Favorite Drama Program

Girls' Choice—1. Lux Radio Theater, 2. Campana, 3. Gang Busters, 4. One Man's Family.

Boys' Choice—1. Lux Theater, 2. Campana, 3. Gang Busters, 4. One Man's Family.

Favorite Concert Program

Girls' Choice—1. Nelson Eddy, 2. General Motors, 3. Opera, 4. Ford hour.

Boys' Choice—1. Nelson Eddy, 2. General Motors, 3. Ford hour, 4. Ted Hammerstein.

Hero Worship: Maybe because of his broad Irish smile, but probably because he is an old-time Milwaukeean, Pat O'Brien was nominated by the boys as their No. 1 movie idol. With the girls, he has to take second place to the glamourous Robert Taylor. The girls placed he-man Clark Gable fourth on their list of screen heroes, William Powell gets third place, with Fredric March, Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew and Paul Muni bringing up the rear, in the order named. Wisconsin boys put Powell second, Spencer Tracy third, Clark Gable fourth and Robert Taylor a sad fifth, with March, Bartholomew, Muni and Warner Baxter in the vanguard.

Religion: As only Catholic girls and boys were polled, naturally religion bulked large in their lives. Most girls go to communion on an average of once a week, 116 go daily, 130 twice a week. About one-fifth of the boys are weekly, about one out of sixteen are fortnightly and one out of every eleven are monthly communicants. If they do not change their minds, 109 girls eventually will become nuns and 114 lads will enter the priesthood.

Background: Proprietors, men who own their own businesses, such as stores, manufacturing or service plants, loom large in the list of fathers of students polled. Fewer than one out of 100 is a farmer, nearly one in every ten is a foreman, about one out of each ten is a professional man, one out of twenty a salesman, one out of twenty-three an office-worker. In educational background, 1,242 fathers testify to a grade-school, 487 to a high-school, 307 to a college diploma. Mother hasn't done so well, 1,360 mothers boasting grade-school education, fifty-five high-school and 191 college diplomas.

Conclusion: Altho the poll originally was intended as no significant youth study, but merely to provide "interesting" reading for the subscribers of Father Kennedy's *Herald-Citizen*, it serves, the priest believes, as an effective mirror of Wisconsin Catholic youths' interests, hobbies, religious habits and family relationships. Letters from parents who have followed the results indicate that they use it as a criterion whether to loosen or tighten discipline of children and—that the youngsters use it, too, as an argument to persuade stern mamas and papas to relax discipline and to lift that cloud of suspicion about jazz-tastes under which youth long has labored.

Nature

GAME HERDS: Drought, Not Hunters' Bullets, Depletes West's Deer and Elk Flocks

The most highly recommended method of inducing sleep is to count imaginary sheep as they hop solemnly, one by one, over an imaginary fence.

The most vitriolic disparagers of this celebrated soporific are America's big-game conservationists. Counting or even thinking about sheep either keeps them wide awake or, at best, plunges them into sweatful nightmares. In short, big-game conservationists don't like sheep.

Last week, when reports filtered through from Montana that deer and elk (wapiti) were dying by the hundreds on land stripped of every vestige of food, many a conservationist heatedly attributed the mass starvation to overgrazing by sheep.

Problem—In part, their claims are true. For the combination of overgrazing, drought and soil-erosion has produced a big-game problem almost directly opposite to that existing only thirty years ago.

Contrary to general belief, big-game animals, particularly deer, elk, antelope, mountain-sheep and wild goats, are not fading fast into extinction. They are increasing. In the last dozen years, big game in the national forests has more than doubled.

Thereby hangs the tale, for where once there were too few of the larger game animals roaming American forests, to-day there are so many that providing adequate winter grazing-ground and avoiding wholesale death by undernourishment is a baffling, growing problem.

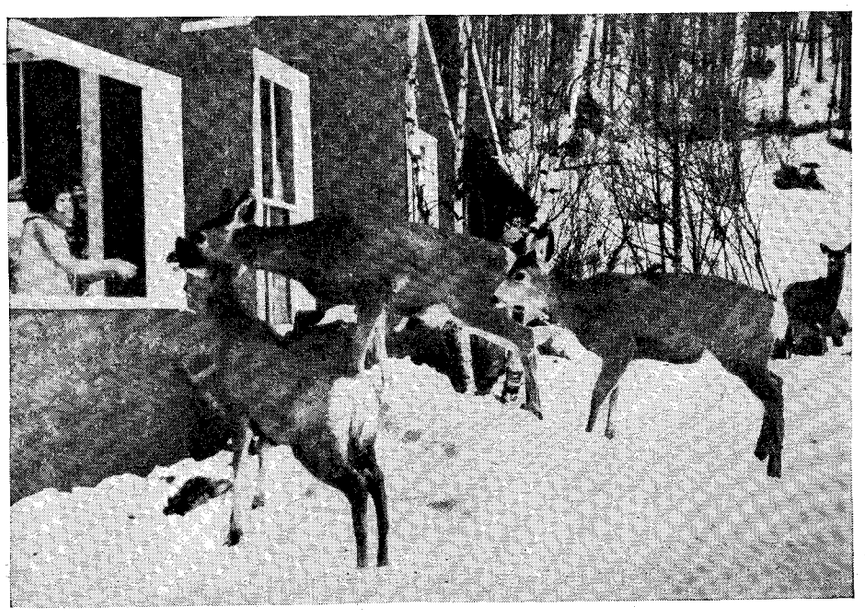
Deer are the most numerous big game in this country. Air-plane surveys indicate there are some 1,291,300 of these animals in national forests, 2,500 more on preserves and refuges, 22,100 in national parks.

Timid—In summer, deer feed on leaves, herbs and lily-pads. In winter they like lichens, moss and bark. Timid to such a degree that they will run in a circle when pursued rather than venture into unknown territory, they frequently starve on one side of a mountain when there is plenty of food on the other side. They usually forage in the late evening or at night.

The feeding-problem, naturally, is much keener during the winter. Often, starvation overcomes the inherent timidity of deer, forces them to seek food at farmhouses. Conservation clubs and Federal agencies have found artificial feeding tremendously expensive and only partially satisfactory.

The heavy birth-rate doesn't help the situation. Does usually bear one fawn in early summer. Twins, even triplets, aren't uncommon. Deer, by the way, are about the only animals who will desert their young when frightened. Refuge-keepers pick up hundreds of abandoned fawns every spring.

Fawns stay home for two or three years, then wander off to mate. While the does are busy rearing young fawns, the bucks shed their antlers, start growing a new set. The antler-renewal process, incidentally, absorbs a lot of the buck's energies and



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Timidity vanishes when food is scarce . . . deer leave their wooded haunts to beg hospitality

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keeps him from getting rambunctious while his mate is taking care of the young.

Horns—Bucks add a new prong to each antler once a year. While growing, antlers are covered with velvet, a tender, hairy skin supplied with blood-vessels. At the end of the growing season, the velvet dries up and the buck removes it by rubbing his antlers against a tree.

Largest of the round-horned deer and second most wide-spread big-game animals in the country are the wapiti, commonly called elk. There are approximately 118,000 of them in the national forests, 3,000 on preserves and refuges and 17,500 wandering around in national parks.

Unlike deer, elk feed during the morning and afternoon, mainly on grass, leaves, weeds and twigs. In winter they come down from the mountains in search of food and for years have found the pickings very slim.

During the mating-season, bull-elk will fight furiously for leadership of the herd. Like deer, the females usually have one calf, but sometimes surprize their mates with twins or triplets.

Conservation—One of the largest elk-herds in the country is in Yellowstone National Park, whose 3,438 square miles in northwestern Wyoming, southwestern Montana and northeastern Idaho rank it among the world's greatest wild bird and animal preserves.

For years Yellowstone's northern elk-herd, which last summer numbered 12,000, has been affected seriously by overgrazing and drought devastating the winter feeding-range. Currently the winter range can support about 7,000 elk.

Hunters in the open hunting-territory adjoining the Park's northern boundary help reduce the herd somewhat every year. Some are shipped alive to zoos, game-preserves, city and State parks; others are presented to Indian reservations, where good use is made of their hides, hoofs, antlers and meat.

Trouble is, the herd multiplies so rapidly it's hard to keep it down to proper proportions. In 1934, the herd was reduced by 3,265 animals, in 1935 by 2,933. But during the two-year period the herd increased by more than 3,000 head due to birth of calves.

Speed—The feed problem also bothers citizen and Federal conservationists who have tried, successfully, to perpetuate the antelope. Twenty years ago, antelope were disappearing almost as fast as they could run. They can run sixty miles an hour, faster than any other animal.

Since 1921, protective State game laws and control of coyotes and other predators have boosted the antelope population in Nevada, Oregon and California from a scant 1,000 to a lusty 10,000.

In southeastern Oregon and northwestern Nevada, the Bureau of Biological Survey has established the 276,000-acre Hart Mountain Antelope Refuge and the 539,000-acre Charles Sheldon Antelope Range. Both provide additional protection for antelope and also insure a more adequate feed supply.

The new range, about twenty miles southeast of the Hart Mountain area, adjoins the 34,280-acre Charles Sheldon Antelope Refuge established six years ago. The entire refuge is enclosed by a single strand of barbed wire that keeps live stock out, but permits antelope and deer to enter and leave at will. All they have to do is duck under it. They can do it at full speed without losing a hair.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

ambassadors, first United States.—"H. O.," Lebanon, N. Y.—*John Adams*, subsequently vice president under Washington, and successor to Washington in the Presidency, was the *first ambassador from the United States to England*, serving from 1785 to 1788. *Benjamin Franklin*, after serving as one of the committee of five to draft the Declaration of Independence, was sent in 1776 as one of three commissioners to the French government. In 1778 he was appointed the *first minister plenipotentiary to France*.

chukker.—"H. J. L.," New York City.—The word *chukker*, also spelled *chucker*, is from the Hindustani *chakar, chakkar, chakrā*, from the Sanskrit *chakra*, meaning "a wheel or circle." According to "Hobson-Jobson," the noun is defined: "(1) A quoit for playing the English game; but more properly the sharp quoit or discus which constituted an ancient Hindu missile weapon, and is, or was till recently, carried by the Sikh fanatics called *Akālī*, generally encircling their peaked turbans. The thing is described by Tavernier as carried by a company of Mahommedan Fakīrs whom he met at Sherpūr in Guzerat; (2) the lunge; (3) in polo, a period." As used in polo, a *period* is one of eight portions lasting seven and one-half minutes each.

The first example we have of the use of *chukker* in literature dates back to 1900 when it was used in the *Overland Mail* for August 13: "In the opening *chukker* Capt. ——— carried the ball in." T. F. Dale in *Polo* (p. 339), published in 1905, wrote: "The period of actual play at polo, known in India as a 'chukker,' has altered considerably." Again, in the same publication (second edition, p. 283, published in 1906), T. B. Drybrough wrote: "The 'period' does not end—except in the case of the last *chukker*—till the ball goes out of play." The *Daily Mail* (London) for May 22, 1923, printed: "Four goals to one team in one *chukker* is very unusual in first-class polo."

elector, vote of an.—"W. F. S.," St. Louis, Mo.—The best answer to your question is to be found in the following extract from "How the World Votes," by C. Seymour and D. P. Frary: "No proven case of an elector betraying his responsibility to the party which chose him has occurred since three Democratic electors voted for John Adams in 1796 and kept Jefferson from the Presidency for four years. Senator Thomas H. Benton said: 'In every case the elector has been an instrument, bound to obey a particular impulsion, disobedience to which would be attended with infamy and with every penalty which public indignation could inflict. From the beginning these electors have been useless, and an inconvenient intervention between the people and the object of their choice.'"

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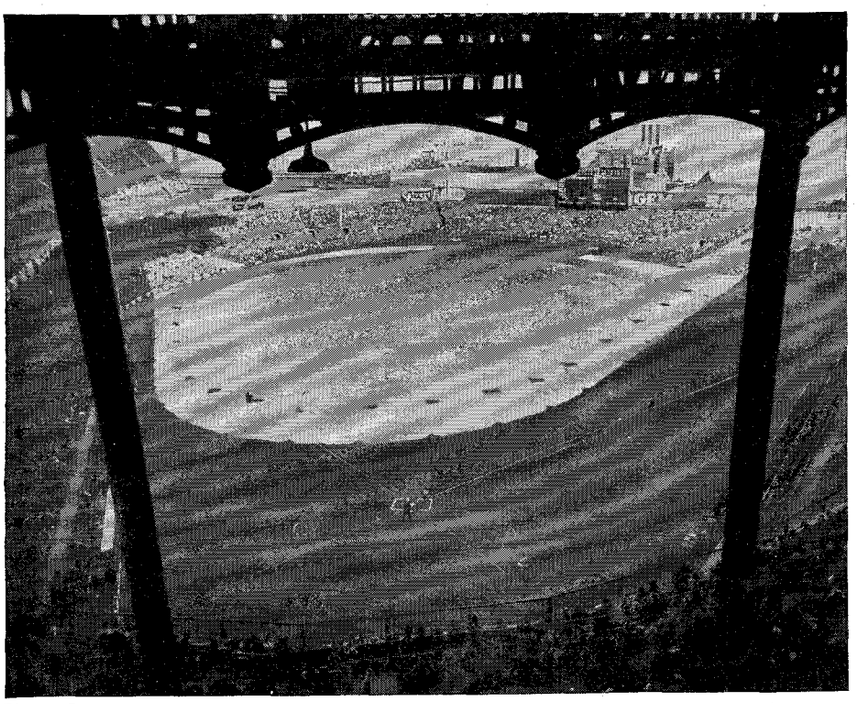
BATTERY FOR TO-DAY: "IF" AND "MAYBE"

Anything May Happen After "Ump" Shouts "Play Ball"

If all the preseason prognostications which owners, managers, players, sports-writers and fans prefaced with "if" come true, none of the sixteen National and American League baseball clubs will finish the 1937 campaign in worse than fourth place. At least four in each circuit will wind up in a tie for the championship pennants.

The perennial truths that few baseball "ifs" ever do materialize, that almost anything can happen during a 154-game playing-schedule from April to September, contribute mightily to America's tremendous spectator-interest in the game.

That interest has not lagged but, instead, has heightened noticeably since last year was demonstrated vividly on two days of last week, when 238,016 men, women and children jammed multitiered stadia in Washington, Boston, New York, Detroit, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Cincinnati and Chicago for the opening games.



Pictures, Inc.

Play ball! . . . 45,850 cheering fans see New York's world champion Yankees drop the opener 3–2 to Washington's Senators

Sunset of the first "opening day," which actually opened the season for only four of the sixteen teams, produced paradoxes typical of baseball. By beating Washington's Senators, four to three, in a game which President Roosevelt, honorary starting pitcher, watched to its tenth-inning conclusion, the Philadelphia Athletics assumed undisputed first place in the American League. By trimming the Boston Bees twice, two to one in the morning, and one to nothing in the afternoon, the Philadelphia Phillies were unchallenged for first place in the National League. Both the Athletics and the Phillies are heavy favorites to finish last in their respective leagues.

Biggest and loudest opening-day crowd (45,850) was in New York City's Yankee Stadium to see the American League and world champions defeated, three to two, by Washington. Sharing the applause with Henry Louis Gehrig, who celebrated his 1,809th consecutive game at first base for the Yankees by pasting two doubles and a single, was George Herman ("Babe") Ruth, whose spectacular box-office appeal helped build the gigantic Stadium.

Celebrating his second opening day as a spectator, his third year out of a Yankee uniform, ex-outfielder Ruth delighted the crowd by standing up in his box near the home-team dugout in the fourth inning to catch a foul ball hit by his former teammate, Frank Peter Joseph Crossetti, and tucking it in his pocket like any other fan. The crowd roared and the "Babe" beamed again in the sixth inning when he caught William N. ("Bill") Dickey, Yankee catcher, who toppled into Ruth's arms chasing another foul.

Their world championship line-up intact with the exception of Charles Herbert ("Red") Ruffing, pitcher, who still was unsigned to a contract on opening day because of his demand for $1,000* extra salary as a capable pinch-hitter, the New York Yankees are favored heavily to win the American League pennant again.

In winning the 1936 pennant by nineteen and one-half games and subsequently beating the New York Giants for the world championship, the Yankees broke or tied thirty major and American League records, most of them for batting.

With only a mediocre pitching staff, the Yankees probably have the heaviest-hitting line-up in baseball history. Last year they made 1,676 hits, including 315 doubles, eighty-three triples and 182 home runs for a total of 1,065 runs scored, the lustiest swatting ever accomplished by a major league team.

Heaviest hitter of the Yankees' "Murderers' Row" is Gehrig, who joined the team in 1924, fresh from Columbia University, at $400 a year. This season, he will receive $36,750, the highest player-salary in the big leagues to-day. Last year, Gehrig smacked forty-nine homers to lead the American League for the third time, batted .354 for the season, fielded .994 and was voted the most valuable player in the circuit.

At thirty-three, Gehrig's ambition is to play in 2,500 consecutive games before he retires. He already has beaten, by more than 500 games, the previous "iron-man" record of 1,307 hung up in 1925 by another Yankee, Everett ("Deacon") Scott, just two months before his own string started. To establish the record at 2,500, Gehrig will have to play for four and one-half more years without missing a single game.

Most sensational of the other members of the Yankees' "Murderers' Row" is Joseph Paul ("Dead-Pan Joe") DiMaggio, who came to New York last year on the crest of almost as high a wave of ballyhoo as this year is heralding the first full season of Robert William Andrew Feller, Cleveland Indians' eighteen - year - old pitcher.

Swats—Last season, DiMaggio made 206 hits, becoming the twelfth major league rookie in history to go over the 200 mark in his first year against big-time pitching. He drove in 125 runs, second only to Gehrig (152), pounded out twenty-nine homers (two of them in one inning) and batted .323 for the season.

Heaviest record-breaker on the Yankees last year was Anthony Michael ("Poosh-'Em-Up-Tony") Lazzeri, whose feat of batting seven home runs in four consecutive games last May was the high light of a season which saw the thirty-three-year-old San Francisco Italian break three major league marks, tie another, set a new American League record, smash one and tie two World Series "bests."

With Bill Dickey and George ("Twinkletoes") Selkirk, the Yankees were the only team in major league history to have five players drive in 100 runs or more during a single season. The Gehrig-DiMaggio-Lazzeri-Dickey-Selkirk total was 600, more than half of the runs scored by the team's twenty-three players.

Of 106 sports-writers polled by the Associated Press, eighty-seven favored the Yankees to repeat. A poor second were the Detroit Tigers, who garnered ten votes. Last year, the Tigers were picked to defend successfully the American League pennant they had won in 1934 and 1935. They finished second, largely through the illness of Gordon Stanley ("Mickey") Cochrane, manager and catcher, the injury (fractured wrist) early in the season of First Baseman Henry ("Hank") Greenberg and the general ineffectiveness of the pitching staff.

With Cochrane and Greenberg back in the line-up, Detroit has a good chance to upset the Yankees, provided Lynwood Thomas ("Schoolboy") Rowe and Thomas Davis ("Tommy") Bridges, chief members of the pitching corps, come up to expectations. Bridges last year won twenty-three

*A day later reduced to $500.

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games, more than any other pitcher in the league, and was rated sixth most effective.

Another strong threat to the Yankees this year are the Cleveland Indians, who finished fifth last season and drew only three supporters as a pennant possibility in the recent A.P. poll.

On the spot for the Indians this year is "Bob" Feller, whose spectacular entrance upon the major league baseball-pitching scene (LITERARY DIGEST, April 17) last summer is unequaled in the game's history. If Feller comes through, the Indians will have, with John Thomas ("Johnny") Allen, former Yankee; Earl Oliver ("Whitey") Whitehill, Melvin LeRoy ("Mel") Harder, Dennis Ward ("Denny") Galehouse, ex-Ohio farm-boy, and Ivy Paul Andrews, probably the best pitching staff in the league.

Major acquisitions of the Indians during the winter trading season were Lynford H. ("Lyn") Lary, short-stop who has played with the Yankees, the Boston Red Sox, the Washington Senators and the St. Louis Browns since 1928, and Julius Joseph (Lemon) Solters, outfielder.

Most expensive, but not the most effective, team in the American League, the Boston Red Sox finished sixth last year, probably will not do better than fourth this season. Best newcomers are Robert Pershing ("Bobby") Doerr, twenty-year-old second baseman who was bought from San Diego of the Pacific Coast League, and Michael Francis ("Pinkey") Higgins, third baseman whom the Sox's young (thirty-four) millionaire owner, Thomas Austin Yawkey, obtained from the Philadelphia Athletics last winter.

Aces—Other Red Sox players who have come to Boston from old (seventy-four) manager Cornelius ("Connie") McGillicuddy's (Mack's) Athletics are Joseph Edward ("Joe") Cronin, manager and short-stop; Robert Moses ("Lefty") Grove, league-leading pitcher in 1936; James Emory ("Jimmie") Foxx, first baseman; Donald Eric McNair, short-stop; John Alford ("Johnny") Marcum and George ("Rube") Walberg, pitchers, and Roger M. ("Doc") Cramer, center-fielder.

In Lucius B. ("Luke") Appling, short-stop and the league's leading hitter last season, and Henry John ("Zeke") Bonura, the circuit's best first baseman in 1936, the Chicago White Sox have two outstanding performers. Altho it finished in a tie with Washington for third last year, half a game behind Detroit, the team managed by another Connie Mack *protégé*, James Joseph ("Jimmie") Dykes, is not rated a serious contender.

Strengthened somewhat this season by the addition of veteran outfielder "Al" Simmons, the Washington Senators have a well-balanced infield, a none-too-strong pitching staff headed by Louis Norman ("Buck") Newsom and a fair chance of finishing in the first division.

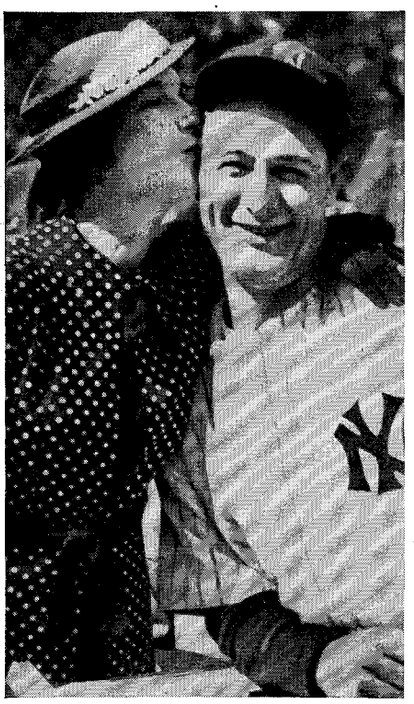
Also-Rans?—Least hopeful teams in the American League are the St. Louis Browns and the Philadelphia Athletics, doomed, according to preseason dope, to finish seventh and eighth, respectively.

In the National League, experts predict a much closer race. Altho a United Press poll of managers gives the nod to the New York Giants to grab the pennant again, the A.P.'s balloting of the baseball-writers returns the St. Louis Cardinals as a 62-28 favorite.

Under the managership of Frank F. ("Frankie") Frisch, one-time Fordham (University) "Flash," later star second baseman for the late John J. McGraw's New York Giants, the St. Louis Cardinals finished in a second-place tie with the Chicago Cubs last year.

More famed than the pitcher-catcher brother combination, Wesley Cheek ("Wes") and Richard Benjamin ("Rick") Ferrell of the Boston Red Sox, are the Cardinals' Paul ("Daffy") and Jerome Hanner ("Dizzy") Dean, pitchers. With Paul back in uniform after an injury which sent him back to Texas for a rest-cure last season, the Dean Brothers, plus Lonnie Warneke, obtained last winter from the Chicago Cubs, give the Cardinals a formidable pitching corps.

Back-Stop—They also have, in Arnold Malcolm ("Mickey") Owen, the youngest (twenty) and most highly-publicized catcher in the league. Owen played with Columbus, of the American Association, last year, and was "graduated" from the Cardinals' prep school with another young catcher, Paul Chervinko.



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Mrs. Lou Gehrig launches the New York Yankee first baseman on his 1,809th consecutive game

Best of the "Gas-House Gang's" veterans are Joseph M. ("Ducky-Wucky") Medwick and John Leonard ("Pepper") Martin, outfielders; John Robert ("Skippy") Mize, first baseman, and Leo Ernest ("Lippy") Durocher, the short-stop. Oldest is Frisch himself who, at thirty-eight, probably will have to fill in occasionally at second or third.

Missing from the regular Giants' line-up this year are William Harold ("Memphis Bill") Terry, first baseman, and Travis Calvin ("Stonewall") Jackson, third baseman. Terry will manage the championship race from the bench. Jackson has taken over the managership of the Jersey City Little Giants in the International League.

At first base in Terry's place for the opening game this season was John Joseph ("Johnny") McCarthy, who joined the club late last year. At third was Louis ("Peb") Chiozza, who came to the Giants from the Philadelphia Phillies during the winter trading season.

Otherwise unchanged, the Giants probably will be stronger this year if the league's best pitcher, Carl Owen Hubbell, gets better support than he got in 1936 from associate pitchers Harold ("Prince Hal") Schumacher, Fred Fitzsimmons, Clydell Castleman and Alfred J. Smith.

Runner-Up—Third best team in the league, according to baseball-writers, are the Chicago Cubs. Major additions to the team are James Anthony ("Rip") Collins, first baseman, and LeRoy ("Tarzan") Parmelee, pitcher, former St. Louis Cardinals; Joe Marty, rookie outfielder, and Linus Reinhard ("Lonnie") Frey, erstwhile Brooklyn short-stop.

Managed by Harold Joseph Traynor, whose youthful hunger for the pastry got him the nickname of "Pie," and whose adult skill made him one of the team's greatest third basemen and hitters, the Pittsburgh Pirates have a veteran pitching staff and strong infield and outfield.

Second to the Dean boys as the National League's most celebrated brother combination are outfielders Paul Glee ("Big Poison") and Lloyd James ("Little Poison") Waner. Best Pittsburgh pitcher is Charles F. ("Red") Lucas, in 1936 the league's third most effective performer.

Lacking strong hitters, the Cincinnati Reds rate only an outside chance to finish in the first division. Not many experts give the Brooklyn Dodgers or the Boston Bees much hope of winding up the season among the first four. Virtually all consign the Philadelphia club to a possible seventh, a probable eighth, place.

SPORT SHOTS

Comeback—In 1919, Ralph Greenleaf, a slender, quiet youth of nineteen, up-ended the professional pocket-billiards apple-cart by wresting the world championship from three-time title-holder Frank Taberski, then proceeded to prove it wasn't luck by defending the crown five straight years.

Last week, in the New York City billiard-academy operated by his opponent, thirty-seven-year-old Greenleaf won his fourteenth and hardest world championship by defeating Andrew Ponzi, 1934 champion, 125 to 107.

The match was the final game of the second play-off in a championship which lasted twenty-five days, involved twelve of the best players. For winning it, Greenleaf received $1,500. Ponzi won $1,100. Jimmy Caras, 1936 champion, $900.

* * *

Cup-Seekers—Named to the Davis Cup tennis-squad which this week-end will start its tenth campaign to recover the famous trophy taken from the United States by France in 1927 were Donald Budge and Gene Mako, national doubles champions, Frank Parker and Joe Hunt, reserve. Their first matches, in the American zone competition, are against Japan, to be played at San Francisco.

* * *

Sharpshooters—In Washington last week, Secretary of War Harry H. Woodring presented wrist-watches given by the National Rifle Association of America to the country's three outstanding rifle-shots. The winners, all civilians, were William P. Schweitzer, Hillside, New Jersey; Dave Carlson, New Haven, Connecticut; and William B. Woodring, East Alton, Illinois.

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UNCLE SAM PONDERS ON 7 LEAN YEARS

Relief Costs, Tax Slump, Chief Factors in Finance Headache

"Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen pounds, nineteen and six, result: happiness," said *Micawber*. "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result: misery."

Last week, the Federal Government faced its seventh successive year of "annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six." It learned from President Roosevelt that for the 1936-'37 fiscal year which ends in June, outgo will exceed income by $2,500,000. For the fiscal year ending in June, 1938, the deficit will taper off, yet will top $400,000,000.

For rich America, a several hundred million dollar deficit is nothing to get alarmed about. (The $34,800,000,000 national debt, if it comes to that, is only fifty-three times the debt of a corporation like the Pennsylvania Railroad—and the Government, in contrast with a corporation, can tax the ultimate penny of 129,000,000 Americans.) What critics and even friends of the New Deal were getting alarmed about, however, was that the Government, on entering its fifth recovery year, would still be unable to make ends meet.

Question—If government spending exceeded the tax receipts of even a prosperous year, what would it do in lean years, when receipts receded and expenditures grew?

For that reason, the President exhorted Congress: " . . . the success of our whole program and the permanent security of our people demand that we adjust all expenditures within the limits of my budget estimate."

Congress listened to the exhortation and made mental reservations which promptly exploded into hot debate, mostly about the Government's most costly activity and chief fiscal pain-in-the-neck: Relief.

For aid to the unemployed, the President had asked $1,500,000,000 (20 per cent. of the total budget). Rep. Maury Maverick (D., Tex.) demanded $2,500,000,000. Sen. James F. Byrnes (D., S. C.) said $1,000,000,000 was ample. Sen. Charles L. McNary (R., Ore.) argued for $500,000,000.

Who was right? And how could any one be right, unless he knew how many men lacked jobs and needed help? No Government statistics on unemployment are as yet available.

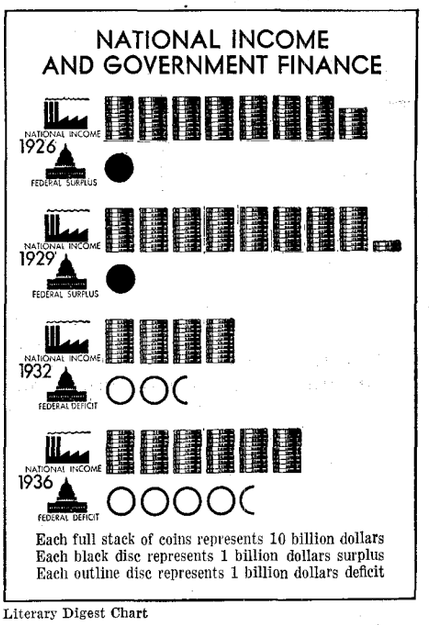
Storm—Out of Washington, via the grapevine route, leaked the story of a stormy, three-hour White House session in which party leaders warned the President that Relief Administrator Harry L. Hopkins and Governors and Mayors had exaggerated relief needs. Some leaders, so the grapevine reported, even admitted, "off the record," that their own States did not need the money which their Governors demanded. The President sat tight, however, and refused to slash the estimated $1,500,000,000 for relief.

Relief costs offered plenty of stinging nettles. What made the New Deal's troubles more thorny still was that tax receipts for the current fiscal year had come a bad cropper, had fallen $605,000,000 short of estimates.

Tax receipts to the Government are what sales are to a business (and the Federal Government is America's biggest business). The Government, therefore, would have to do what any business has to do: Cut costs, or increase sales, *i.e.*, increase taxes.

Because the President has not committed himself to increased taxes, shrewd observers argued that New Dealers had a trick up their sleeve—the expectation that booming business would advance tax receipts sensationally next year, wipe out the indicated deficit, preclude messy tax advances altogether.

Twinge—Many an American, as he listened to or pored over the wordy hue and cry



Literary Digest Chart

about the budget, felt a twinge in his pocketbook nerve, knew that nerve was doomed to throb even more painfully under the pricking of higher taxes. He might glean some solace from the knowledge that his plight was relatively less irritating than that of the Englishman, who has been asked to turn over an average 25 per cent. of his income to the British Government. *(See page 11.)*

What the American generally does not know is that when 175,000 water and sewer districts, municipalities, townships, counties, States and Federal Government Agencies get through reaching into his pocket, they have absorbed about 20 per cent. of the National income. (In 1936: $12,500,000,000 State, local and Federal taxes out of a National income of $60,000,000,000.)

Last week, the Twentieth Century Fund, an economic research organization, scored a bull's-eye in literary timing, issued "Facing the Tax Problem," which provided lawmakers with ammunition and taxpayers and business men with misgivings.

The misgivings arose chiefly from the tax researchers' conclusion that *Uncle Sam*, from a long-term point of view, will tighten rather than relax his toe-hold upon the national income. (Now the Federal Government's share is 10 per cent., all others 10 per cent.)

Even if Federal relief payments stop altogether in 1939, the Twentieth Century Fund experts estimate, 1940 Government expenditures will be just under the 1936 peak. If, as is more likely, Federal relief-spending tapers off only gradually, then the total will roll forward every year, will bring 1940 Government expenditures to a point which will exceed those of 1930 by about 33 per cent.

Complaints—The research experts then collected representative complaints concerning our tax system:

(1) Government taxes are dangerously unproductive in the face of the gigantic expenditures. If costs are not cut, say critics, taxes must be greatly increased to avoid endless borrowing and consequent inflation.

(2) Taxes are too sensitive to business changes. Imposts on incomes and estates shrink during a depression, when Government burdens are greatest and revenues most needed.

(3) Some business men complain that crushing taxes stifle enterprise, discourage business ventures, particularly risky ones.

(4) Other business men say the tax system should be used only to raise revenue, and not as an instrument for the control of business and other non-fiscal uses.

To make ends meet, the Twentieth Century Fund proposes that the Government broaden the Federal income-tax base, lower exemptions. A single person now exempt up to $1,000 would be exempt only to $500. For a married couple, a $1,000 exemption would replace the present $2,500. For dependents, $200 exemptions instead of $400.

Increase—This proposal would increase the number of taxable persons to 8,000,000 or 9,000,000, would increase Federal income by $200,000,000 in a bad year and by $500,000,000 in a good year. The tax experts recommended that exemption-cuts be made in such a way that the total tax burdens carried by moderately circumstanced persons would not be increased. This would require reducing indirect imposts such as the much-hated sales tax.

Let every American know that he pays an average $100 in taxes yearly, declared the Twentieth Century Fund. Let him know also that if he wants government services, he must pay for them.

While tax discussions gathered momentum, Secretary Morgenthau struggled with his fiscal problem. To newspaper reporters he announced he was "extremely comfortable and highly pleased" over the financial outlook. What he told himself, as he pondered the Government's tangled currency-management efforts, the continued inflow of gold for which he has had to borrow and pay more than $500,000,000 to date, the continued $50,000,000 weekly borrowing, probably was less cheerful.

One ray of hope shone brightly, however: The increasing possibility that foreign nations would soon start repaying War debts. These could be used either to meet Treasury needs or retire national debt and thus reduce inflated bank-deposits. Proof of English, Belgian and French

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THE SCHOOL AT THE CROSSROADS

BY THURRA GRAYMAR

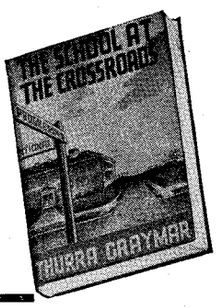
Preface by WILLIAM McANDREW

Are the schools of the future going to follow the familiar road of academic tradition, or the experimental road of "Progressive Education"?

From her many years of experience as a teacher, Miss Graymar points out the pitfalls and weaknesses of a system too often adopted with more enthusiasm than understanding, and offers definite suggestions for a middle way.

"Her work is a sane, practical and penetrating appraisal of various educational methods of the present and should prove of value to all interested in schools and children."—*Boston Globe.*

"Certainly every parent, teacher, member of a board of education and conscientious taxpayer will want to examine this volume and take heed of its recommendations."—*Daily Capital,* Topeka, Kansas.



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NEW BODIES FOR OLD

By Dorothy Nye

It's fun to be alive if your body is supple and active. Miss Nye, a widely known authority on corrective gymnastics, teaches you how to analyze your own body, to study your defects of posture, weight, etc., and how to overcome them. You can have a good time exercising, and Miss Nye proves it.

"I wish every woman who is concerned about her figure would read this book."—*Hildegarde Fillimore,* McCall's Magazine.

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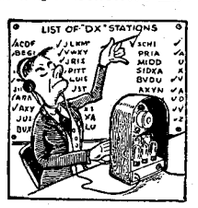
"I live in a New York skyscraper where radio reception is notoriously bad. My machine was so fuzzy-wuzzy that I was about to discard it when, by chance, I learned of your *Super-Sensitive Antenna* and bought one. The change was surely wonderful and my radio is O. K. now." (Name on request.)



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ability to pay lay in the fact that nationals of those countries had found $4,000,000,000 of exchange with which to invest in America. Improving international economic conditions and thinning war-clouds indicated that the time would soon be ripe for a revival of debt discussions, that payments might be expected to begin within eighteen months.

STOCK DOCTOR: What'll Market Do Next? Major Angas Dopes It Out in His Bath

To chat with Maj. Lawrence Lee Bazley Angas in his Waldorf-Astoria suite about money and the stock market would cost you $200. Or you could make a deal and, for twelve chats, spread through the year, pay a bargain $1,200. To get Major Angas's ear any time you wish would cost $2,500 yearly. If you represented a corporation, it would come to $5,000 a year.

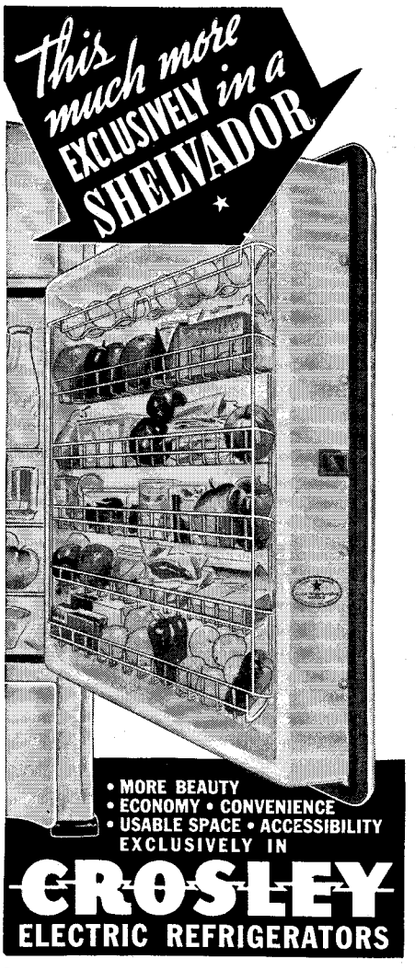
Last week, wealthy investors trooped in and out of the major's drawing-consulting room (it is innocent of stock tickers or statistical manuals) drank his *kümmel,* smoked his cigars, listened raptly to analyses and forecasts delivered in crisp Oxonian flavored with American slang. They had come to Major Angas as one comes to a prophet. Since the latest Major Angas prognostication—that bonds would topple—had hit a bull's-eye, they left their checks ungrudgingly.

In a recent pamphlet, Major Angas had prophesied, "slump ahead in bonds." Obligingly, long-term government securities cracked within a month, required the support of the Federal Reserve Banks to avoid a panic. The stocky, fiercely mustached Briton took on additional height as an economic prophet. Followers in London's City and Wall Street (where the Major at times has been derided as an inflationist with unsound ideas on money), recalled other Angas triumphs.

Augury—In 1926, he predicted that rubber prices would collapse; down bounced rubber, stretched out in a long disastrous slump. In 1931, the Major wrote of a "Coming Rise in Gold Shares"; in six months, England abandoned the gold standard, precipitating a world-wide boom in gold. In the same year, he predicted that English prosperity was just beyond the horizon. Obligingly, English recovery proceeded to get under way. In 1933, the Major hailed the "Coming Rise in Wall Street," declared, "it is ridiculous not to buy stocks." Bold souls who heeded him doubled their investment.

Once he faltered, but did not admit a fall. He prophesied in 1933 that gold would collapse as a currency eventually (a view he still holds). But the yellow metal stubbornly persisted onward toward a boom. To his friends, however, the Major pointed out that he had envisaged this possibility in the pamphlet, but he could not foresee what Roosevelt would do with the dollar. Subsequently the Major regained his stride, predicted accurately "The Coming American Boom" in 1934 and "The Boom Begins" in 1935.

The broad-shouldered Major startled the conservative London financial community with his first prophetic bull's-eye when he was thirty-three. He never had been "up a rubber-tree," never had been even near a commodity exchange. To friends he explained he had been able to



QUARTERLY INCOME SHARES

Descriptive Circular on request from your investment dealer

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

Adventures and Discoveries in New Guinea

By MICHAEL LEAHY and MAURICE CRAIN

The map said "unexplored," but Michael Leahy was after gold. In his search in the interior of New Guinea he discovered a quarter of a million of stone-age savages.

"The Land That Time Forgot" should rank as the outstanding travel book of the year."—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

"Amazing adventures among people that are almost prehistoric."—*Omaha Bee News.*

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Wide World

Major Angas . . . a chat with him costs $200

predict the rubber panic simply by applying economic theory to a practical problem.

Hero—After "prepping" at Charterhouse School, he attended Magdalen College, Oxford, where he bothered little with predictions or even with stocks, abjuring economics for drilling in the Officers' Training Corps. Fortified with this training, he entered the Army with the Cheshires, achieved his majority at twenty-two, was decorated with the British Military Cross and French *Croix de Guerre* for valor in Italy and France. He was wounded twice.

Back from the War, he toyed with the idea of standing for Parliament. His family, which had founded the National Provincial Bank, one of England's "Big Five," had the means to finance the campaign, but Major Angas declined because he had no platform. He turned, instead, to studying the business cycle in order to find a way of preventing unemployment. His graduate studies at Oxford, however, didn't prevent him from buying a string of race-horses and he divided his time between the library and the race-track.

Dissatisfied with the way Oxford's dons taught economics, he turned to the London School of Economics and Political Science, of the University of London, settled down and absorbed enough theory to convince him that the only way to preserve prosperity was by turning the supply of currency on and off as you would turn on a water-spigot.

Later, he passed three years as a half-commissior man (a combination customer's man and stock-broker) with one of England's largest issuers of common stock, wrote a book on sound investing which became a best-seller. From abroad he appraised the American scene so shrewdly ("The Coming American Boom") that American operators sat up and took notice. Finally, he came to America.

Lightning—Last week, the energetic Major prepared to hurl another thunderbolt, was thinking through the arguments he would hammer home in his "The Coming World Gold Chaos."

The Major carries practically all of the tools of his prognosticating trade "between his ears," thinks his best thoughts in his morning bath. His barometers simply are the financial pages, the weekly statements of the Federal Reserve banks (to him the Government's rôle is of paramount importance in the money market), and the policy statements from Marriner S. Eccles, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System.

He does this first, because, to him, Mr. Eccles is the "possessor of a brilliant mind and has an exceptional knowledge of the theory of money, the general problems of the business cycle and monetary control." Second, Major Angas keeps an eye on Mr. Eccles because he is a stanch defender of the Roosevelt monetary policy.

Altho the Major mails his 1,000-odd clients a periodic, pink-colored digest on security prospects, he surrounds himself with no statisticians, boasts of an office consisting only of four secretaries, one office-manager.

When he came to America, the Major had a Wall Street office. Now he can't abide the turmoil of the financial district, seldom goes near it. Neither can he abide the telephone, talks less than fifteen minutes a day on it.

Studying Mr. Eccles's recent warning of a runaway inflation, Major Angas concluded that the Government had not decided that the danger-point had been reached, exhorted his clients on April 9 to "be bold, borrow and buy common stocks."

At Oxford, the Major rowed, captained the rackets team, ran track. Now he gets most of his exercise hustling to speaking engagements. On occasion, he engages his associate, W. Linton Nelson of Philadelphia, at squash. Altho he has a home on Onslow Gardens, London, he seldom has been there in the past several years, prefers Ireland, where he goes for the shooting annually, or Switzerland, where he skis.

HERRING'S KIN: Some Say Alewife Is Best Smoked or Salted; Others Use It as Fertilizer

An *ale-wife* is, as the English would say, a woman who keeps an ale-house. An *alewife* is a fish and, like the shad, striped bass and salmon, an anadromous fish, which means that it lives in salt water and spawns in fresh. It has a bigger belly, one way of telling it from a herring.

Two groups dispute the proper use of alewives. One insists the fish are at their best smoked or salted. The other maintains the most profitable commercial use an alewife can be put to is not for food, but for fertilizer.

Last week, in a corner of *The New York Times* financial section, an advertisement proclaimed: "Bids for Alewives Wanted." Offered for sale was the 1937 run of alewives at Damariscotta Mills, Maine. The advertiser was Delia M. Hale, Chairman of Selectmen of Nobleboro, Maine.

Shares—Profits from the deal would be shared equally by the towns of Nobleboro and Newcastle. Located there is a fishery municipally owned but operated privately. Last year, hapless alewives jammed 3,281 barrels, added—at $1 a barrel—$3,281 to the towns' coffers.

The alewives' yearning for salt water is their downfall. Early in April they come in from the sea and spawn in the fresh waters of the Damariscotta River. The run starts in July, when the fish swim furiously to the ocean. Traps or pockets, artificially constructed—of rocks—near the town-lines of Nobleboro and Newcastle, nab unwary alewives. One of every two alewives escapes to the Atlantic.

Damariscotta River alewives for a quarter of a century were bid in by A. R. Nicherson of Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Last year, news of alewives bidding trickled down to the Caribbean, lured Walter Brandt from Haiti to Maine, where he bid in the 1936 catch.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

Hon. Directory—All of the 75,000 Chinese in the United States who read their language papers knew last week that the first official Chinese Business Directory was in preparation. So did Chinese in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines and even those far away in the cities of Canton, Hongkong and Shanghai. So did Americans who carry on trade with Chinese. The guide-book appears in English and Chinese, will be distributed free.

More than 12,000 Chinese merchants are granted free listing in this directory, which aims to promote business between Chinese and Americans. Chief Chinese business occupations fall into importing and exporting, restaurants and laundries.

First advertisers, at $200 a page, are the Bank of China, Dollar Steamship Lines, Hongkong and Shanghai Corporation, the Barber Steamship Lines, all eager to rake in the *taels*. The Chinese Business Directory, issued on September 1, is the proud product of the Law Shew Company of New York City, largest Chinese printers in the United States.

* * *

Bank-Note—Bankers and dealers in government bonds help pass idle moments by wondering about the amount of bonds the Government will have to issue this year to meet budget deficits. At Washington, last week, it developed indirectly that the Treasury would like to know the same thing. In its advertisement for bids for paper on which to print currency and government bonds, the Treasury indicated it needed 1,016 tons of paper for currency, confessed: "No estimate is made of the requirements for public debts securities." New Deal critics jeered.

* * *

Line Busy—Americans use 18,500,000 telephones, which is one-half of the total number in use throughout the world. Last week, it appeared that 80 per cent. of them might have to pay more for the privilege. (That 80 per cent. uses Bell System telephones, controlled by the American Telephone and Telegraph Corporation.) Before a handful of A. T. and T.'s 641,000 stockholders, Walter S. Gifford, the company's fifty-two-year-old President, predicted higher rates, argued that higher taxes and increased pay-roll costs would lead to the possible rate-boost. In 1929, A. T. and T. paid $5.60 in taxes for each of its telephones then in use. To-day, the company's tax-bill comes to more than $9 a phone. The company's pay-roll has spurted $90,000,000 from its depression low point, to-day totals $436,000,000 yearly. Bell System telephone installations are gaining at the rate of 90,000 to 100,000 monthly, soon will surpass the 1930 all-time high of 15,200,000.

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Mail

(Continued from page 1)

longer in fashion, and we therefore have an increasing number of people who are unbalanced spiritually, mentally and physically . . .
Hagerstown, Maryland.

Sex Crime Cures

By JULIA CHASE WILLIAMS—

I am deeply impressed with the article "Sex Crime Wave Alarms U. S." which appeared in the issue of April 10.

May I call attention to something that is so obvious that it is apparently being overlooked —the power of suggestion. For years sex has been emphasized and overemphasized by the movies, radio, magazines, newspapers, books, courts, and to a lesser degree in our schools and colleges.

Is it any wonder that violent expression is given to the forces thus set in motion; that the immature and emotionally unstable men and boys are affected by the constant suggestive influences, and commit shocking sex crimes?

Put into the minds of our people thoughts of congenial work amid congenial surroundings through the medium of good pictures and good literature, clean up the newspapers and radio programs and improve our court procedure and the power of suggestion may do good work to counteract the dirty work of to-day.
Bryson City, North Carolina.

By T. A. K.—

I read with much interest and no little concern your article on sex crimes. Perhaps the answer can be found in your article of an earlier issue, the article on legalized prostitution.

In comparing the two articles I noticed that in San Francisco, Kansas City, and other cities where prostitution has flourished there has been a marked decrease in the number of sex crimes. Doesn't this partly prove that Investigator Atherton was right in recommending that prostitution be legalized?

Whether we like it or not, there is prostitution in every large city. I believe that if laws against it were strictly enforced, no respectable woman would be safe on the street after dark.
Oriskany Falls, New York.

By A. H. CHRISTIAN—

I read with a great deal of interest your article on sex crimes. It seems to me there are definite causes for such conditions. One of them is the trashy literature and lurid pictures which are to be found in the average book and magazine store throughout the country and on which these perverts feed.

Eliminate this one evil, and a long step in the right direction will have been taken.
Huntington, West Virginia.

By MAUDE M. BAIRD—

The logical punishment for sex offenses is emasculation. Since this operation would do away with "uncontrollable impulses," which offenders give as an excuse, it might reform them into safe members of society. Perhaps this knowledge will act as a deterrent, and there would be no need to herd young offenders into institutions or penitentiaries.
Riley, Kansas.

By WARREN P. WALDO—

. . . What relation does our pornographic literature bear to this flood of sex excesses? When I use the term pornographic literature, I mean to be all-inclusive: literary works of art put out by reputable authors and publishers; the illegal variety of magazine; the legal variety, openly displayed on our news-stands and purporting to be true stories of sexual escapades; advertising that uses sex appeal; and, of course, our moving-pictures.

All of these things arouse the male sexual appetite and lead, indirectly, to perversion and sex crimes. But it would seem that in America the business of making money is more important than the making of persons' characters.
Sheldon, Vermont.

By JUNZO KISHI—

"Sex Crime Wave Alarms U. S." makes me recall afresh an Asian saying: "Leisure in a little man leads to mischief."

One of the acute problems facing urban America is how to train her youths and children in the utilization of their spare time.
New York City.

Salt

By C. D. LOOKER, Director of Research, International Salt Company—

In the March 6 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, under the article entitled "Flesh Sculptors," I noticed that Mr. Donald Loomis, Studio Physical Director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is quoted as saying, "do not salt foods; most foods contain sufficient natural salts."

It is probable that Mr. Loomis is not informed regarding the present practise of requiring athletes and others who exercise vigorously to fortify themselves against heat exhaustion and "that tired feeling" by increasing their salt intake by the simple method of adding a few pinches of salt to their drinking-water before, during and after perspiring from their physical efforts.

The same method has been used both clinically and practically in steel-mills, foundries, glass-plants, at Boulder Dam, the Los Angeles Viaduct, automobile factories, on farms and wherever people are subject to strenuous physical effort.

It is true that some foods contain enough salt to supply ordinary body needs. This would be true if people ate mostly meats, but vegetables and fruits are deficient in sodium chlorid (common salt). Vegetarians should guard against loss of necessary salt by supplying it in the food they eat.
Ithaca, New York.

THE "HOOD"

—Russell in the Los Angeles Times

Malraux

By HELEN HEYL—

In the April 3 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST there was an article of unusual interest to me. It was entitled "Wings—Attack Orders," and dealt with André Malraux's lecture tour of America.

I am writing a master's thesis on the life and works of André Malraux, and I have found it very difficult to find more than the barest facts concerning his life. Your article contains much new material. Would you be so kind as to give me the source of this information?

Do you know if he gave interviews to any reporter except Vincent Sheean when he was Commissioner of Propaganda in China? Do you know under whose auspices he was sent to southern Asia on the first archeological expedition? Do you happen to know how Malraux became interested in aviation?

There are so many gaps in the material which I have been able to gather in French and English magazines, newspapers and books that I would be more than grateful for any new facts which you might be able to indicate to me.
New York City.

The source of our information was a personal interview with Malraux by a DIGEST writer. While Malraux was an official in the Chinese Government, interviews with the foreign press were part of his job. His first venture into Indo-China was personally financed. He became interested in aviation in 1932 because he realized it was the defense measure of the future and the most rapid way of travel. —*Editor.*

Fifteen-Unit Plan

By THURRA GRAYMAR—

I wish to express my appreciation of the consideration given my book, "The School at the Crossroads," in your DIGEST article of April 3. . . . The assertion Mr. Ryan made that I have disregarded the human elements of teachers and children in favor of mechanistic details of school management is, I believe, refuted in every chapter of the book. I devised the fifteen-unit plan in an effort to provide some medium whereby the terrific nerve strain and confusion in schools might be reduced, the tremendous cost made worth while, the lives of both instructors and pupils enriched and strengthened.

It does presuppose discipline. When an impudent youngster can tell a teacher to go to hell and get away with it, it is time something was done. This sort of thing is too often tolerated in our schools to-day.
San Mateo, California.

By PAT DWYER—

In a recent issue you printed a fisherman's prayer and asked if any reader could give the source of the quotation. It is my impression that the verse was coined by the late Viscount Grey of Fallodon and formed part of one of the addresses he delivered in this country many years ago. Excerpts from this particular address, including the verse, were widely quoted in the newspapers at the time. Columnists on various papers printed humorous variations.

For example, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

If you should catch a fish like that,
(Oh irony most dire),
You would be known forever more
As history's biggest liar.

The Ohio Legion Councillor strikes a more boisterous note:

If I should catch a fish that big
I'd smite my bloomin' lyre.
I simply would not give a fig
If I were called a liar.

Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Skreel

By HARRY REASONER—

Many thanks for your superb magazine. I am enthusiastic over the recent changes and have been going through my back copies to note each improvement as it came.

However, in looking over the older DIGESTS, I found under the title "Blizzard Belt" the statement: "Puckish Winter skreeled across the Dakotas and Minnesota." What is the definition of "skreeled"?
Minneapolis.

A skreel is a reel or bobbin, according to Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Any noun which denotes an object capable of action can be used as a verb.—*Editor.*

"THE TIME HAS COME," THE WALRUS SAID
TO TALK OF MANY THINGS —
OF DEFICITS AND NO MORE TAX —
AND BUDGET BALANCINGS —
AND WHY RELIEF STILL COSTS A LOT-
AND WHY OUR CASH HAS WINGS'
THE ADMINISTRATION
CONGRESS
COSTLY PROJECT NO 7841 2

"THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER"

—Thomas in the Detroit News

"THE KNOCKOUT?"

—Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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Off-Side

Bank-Note—In Butte, Montana, psychic was the name for Bing, a fox-terrier. He scratched at the door of his master's home with something between his teeth. It was dog-license day, and somehow Bing had managed to dig up $5. Half of the money went to the Government, half for heavy steaks for Bing.

* * *

Lorgnettes—When cheering or jeering in the Senate gallery, carry a lorgnette, according to latest advices from Washington. A man without a lorgnette was thrown out one day last week for sneering. Then a prim, gray-haired woman was carried away the following day with the oratory of Senator Barkley of Kentucky. The Senate bouncer came down to throw her out, but she fixed her lorgnette on him—and everything was all right.

* * *

Hose—Commissioner Florence Derrick Camp sent a $10.52 bill to Harrison, Pennsylvania, Township for damages done to her silk hose while she attended meetings of the Township Board. "And the bill isn't a joke," she said. "I have ruined more than $10 worth of stockings on those chairs."

* * *

Skaters — On roller skates, Norman Skelly, twenty-eight, and John Shefuga, twenty-seven, started out on October 2, 1936, along Route 20 out of Boston. On December 4, they coasted into an office opposite the Los Angeles City Hall. Now they're back East again, but their skating covered 4,075 miles.

* * *

Strike—One hundred junk men quit their jobs at the Sonken-Galamba Corporation, Kansas City. They couldn't find any place to sit down, so they walked out. They are members of the United Automobile Workers of America.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Amulree—forensic British Baron—*a* of *say: a'mul-ree.*

Calthorpe—8th Baron—*a* of *all: call'-thorp.*

Delamere—4th Baron—*mere,* not *mare: del'la-mere.*

de Vesci—5th Irish Viscount—as if spelled *de vessy.*

de Villiers—3d So. African Baron—he says, *duh vil'yers.*

Feversham—3d Earl of—rimes with *never sham.*

Harcourt—2d Viscount—*court* becomes *cut: har'cut.*

Hotham—7th Baron—*oth* as in *mother;* or, *huth'am.*

Inchiquin—16th Irish Baron — as spelled: *inch'i-kwin.*

Knollys—2d Viscount—forget the *y: knolls.*

Vesey—family name, Viscount de Vesci—as the New York Street, *vee'zy.*

Turtle—There's a run on turtles in sorority houses. One Greek letter organization at the University of California, in Berkeley, made its pledges produce turtles. In desperation, one pledge imported an eighteen-inch turtle from Florida. The shell-backed crawler ate all the goldfish in the fish-pond, so the girls had to sell him.

* * *

Odor—Professor John Madigan, head of the Department of Physics at St. Thomas College, got tired of receiving poor examination-papers. So he grades them now by smells. Top-notchers go into a jar of attar of roses. Not-so-goods go into a jar of hydrogen sulfid. The poorest are sprinkled with butoric acid.

Slips That Pass in Type

Governor Jensen returned to his office today after nearly three weeks in Washington where he conferred with Federal officials retarding conditions in South Dakota.—*Rapid City (S. Dak.) paper.*

The government takes the rap again.

The boy was shot in the hip with a .22 caliber gullet.—*Helena (Mont.) paper.*

High-powered burp.

M—— F—— was spanked for the gift of a book, "Georgia's Disputed Ruins."—*Savannah (Ga.) paper.*

We hope he caught it proper.

"The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." Any one having the above mentioned and would care to loan them out may communicate with Mrs. C—— A——.—*Santa Rosa (Calif.) paper.*

Don't block traffic, gentlemen.

American business leaders long ago learned that efficient labor, with high invectives, is more productive.—*Los Angeles paper.*

Ever try reasoning with them?

Officers of the Men's Dry League of Blair County met last night at M——'s sop in the interest of perfecting their organization.—*Altoona (Pa.) paper.*

Bet they all got blotto.

President Roosevelt sent to the Senate yesterday the nomination of H—— M. D—— to succeed himself as collector of customers for the New York District.—*Springfield (Mass.) paper.*

Badger game?

J—— H——, a bartender in a near-by cafe, turned in the alarm at 11:08 A.M. The blaze was under contract about 12:30 P.M.—*Omaha (Neb.) paper.*

A very shrewd deal, that.

LEAVING May 1 for Des Moines, old, completely weaned and fat and healthy. M—— E——, 1 mile north of Stuart Place Road.—*Harlingen (Tex.) paper.*

Glad to hear it.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Ho! Hum!—The club bore was relating one of his long-winded stories that everybody knew by heart. He was describing what happened to him when he went on a trip to Grand Canyon in America during a world tour.

"The soft curtain of night was just falling," he orated. "There I stood, drinking in the scene, with the giant abyss yawning before me."

One of the listeners interrupted at this point. "I say, old chap," he asked, "was that abyss yawning before you got there?"—*Speaking Tape.*

Disengaged.—At one time during the American Civil War, Gen. George B. McClellan, then in command of the Union forces, was conducting a waiting campaign; and so careful was he to avoid mistakes that little headway was evident. President Lincoln thereupon wrote him a letter:

"My dear McClellan: If you don't want to use the Army I should like to borrow it for a while. Yours respectfully, A. Lincoln."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

The Last Post.—The second hammered on the resined boards. "Hit 'im; hit 'im," he vainly entreated his principal, but the heavy-weight aspirant, hopelessly outclassed, failed to comply. He recoiled dazedly from a serious attack, and clutched despairingly at the ring-post.

"Not with that, you fool," shouted his second, "you'll be disqualified."—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

A Sizzler.—A man in Chicago was grumbling about the heat. Said another, who had just returned from a trip through the South:

"Hot! Boy, you don't know what hot is. One day this week in Mississippi I saw a dog chasing a cat and they were both walking."—*Hartford (Conn.) Courant.*

Disillusioned.—Every year college deans pop the routine question to their undergraduates: "Why did you come to college?" Traditionally the answers match the question in triteness. But last year one University of Arizona co-ed unexpectedly confided:

"I came to be went with—but I ain't yet!"—*Los Angeles Junior Collegian.*

Weighty Evidence.—The portly man was trying to get to his seat at the circus. "Pardon me," he said to a woman, "did I step on your foot?"

"Possibly so," she said, after glancing at the ring. "All the elephants are still out there. You must have."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

The Truth.—Sitting in a concert-hall waiting for the concert to begin, a man, seeing a little boy in front of him looking at his watch, bent forward and asked, "Does it tell the time?"

"No," answered the little boy. "You look at it."—*Pearsons.*

Second Attack.—DINER: "Waiter, I was here yesterday and had a steak."

WAITER: "Yes, sir; will you have the same to-day?"

DINER: "Well, I might as well, if no one else is using it."—*Montreal Star.*

If.—FROWSY GENT: "This liquor won't cause any damage to my eyes, will it?"

HUSKY BARTENDER: "Not if you've got the money to pay for it!"—*Tennessee Legionnaire.*

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